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GEMS OF THE
ORIENT



1000

1000





PEBBLES, PEARLS AND GEMS

OF

THE ORIENT.

GATHERED AND ARRANGED

BY

CHARLES D. B. MILLS.

The Sibyl speaking with inspired mouth, smileless, inornate, unperfumed, by the help of God sends her voice to remotest ages.—*Heracitus*.

For I am never sated with devouring this ambrosia through mine ears.
—*Bhagavat Gita*.

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1882.

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By CHARLES D. B. MILLS.

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INTRODUCTORY.

It has long seemed to the writer that he would do a signal service, who should select and present in a body together, from the literatures of the ages, the choicest gems of thought and expression, the really fresh and living utterances of truth and the law of excellence, scattered along the different centuries of human history. It would be a great work, and still it would doubtless be all in a small volume. But it would be the volume of lively oracles, the radiant and fadeless scripture. To it would apply what Hindu writers have said of the index of the Mahabharata, one of their great epics: "This body of the Mahabharata is truth and immortality; it is like new butter from curds; like the Brahman among men; like the Aranyaka from the Vedas; like nectar from medicinal plants; like the sea, the best among lakes; like the cow, the highest among animals." To it would belong the designation that Ferideddin Attar gave to one of his books, *Essences of Substance*.

The time is not yet for the accomplishment of such a work. It would require an equipment of reading as well as endowment of clear perception, of fine discrimination and absolute judicial fairness, beyond the reach of any one in this generation. But important contributions are being made, and day by day the performance of such a task is placed under easier conditions and brought nearer realization. The enlargement, very wonderful, that has dawned in this age, carrying the mind out of and away from the old enclosures and imprisonments that seemed to have held men content and feeling sufficed in the past, is preparing the

general public to welcome, aye, to seek with eagerness, such a help as this broader horizon and richer supply alone can give.

This little volume is of an ambition far less high, and yet it aims to contribute toward that end. It seeks to present in the best form the editor has been able to attain a portion, probably but a small portion, of the good things to be found in the literatures of the East. It has within late time, and particularly in our own age, been seen that the Persian and Hindu mind was gifted in extraordinary degree with clear perception and felicitous power of statement, especially where those subtle themes of essence and substance, the world transcendent and invisible, were to be handled and presented. "No people," says Emerson, "have surpassed the Hindus in the grandeur of their ethical statement." And Prof. Max Müller, speaking of the Upanishads, philosophical treatises professing to report the thoughts and speculations of the ancient Brahmans, says, "There are passages in these writings unsurpassed in any language for grandeur, boldness, and simplicity." In the practical wisdoms of life too, in apt, forcible way of putting them, it is seen that the Oriental peoples fall little, if at all, below their more favored neighbors and kindred of the West. Indeed, we all largely are borrowers from them, and derive here, as in so much else, many of our best things from the East.

With more reading,—for the field is almost literally limitless,—the book would doubtless have been richer and fuller, mayhap also larger. But we are reminded by a Thibetan sage that we are not to expect too much. "Though there be," he says, "an immense number of forests, few are the lands that have growth of sandal-wood; so, though there are many wise men, the golden sayings are very rare." The student of the literatures will find this the case more and more as he penetrates and seeks to mine out their best ores.

The writer has availed himself gratefully of the labors of those who have already wrought in this work of transferring the precious things of the East to our Western clime. Especially among them has he been indebted to Dr. Muir, Profs. Williams, Griffith, and Müller, Messrs. Alger, Conway, and S. Johnson. The arrangement of the selections has been more out of regard to their subjects than to the times of the authors.

The maxims, the gems of sentiment of royal souls, may be our constant *vade-mecum* for companionship, our amulet and sign for conquest amid all the exposures, the temptations, and sharp pressures of life. They are redemptive and healing, full of invigorating and uplifting power. There is in them provision for every want, society for every solitude, strength for every weakness, solace for every sorrow. The experience of humanity, in its varied instances, meets all the types and phases of our experience, and supplements constantly our need.

If, as the Orientals say, of all poverty the poverty of the mind is the most deplorable, then it must be a fitting service to seek to reduce that, and increase to the utmost the wealth of possession. If, as Charles V. is credited with saying, one becomes a new man as often as he acquires a new language, it is also true that any one of us is made new, undergoes a fresh enlargement and strengthening in the opening of a new source of nourishment and inspiration.

May it be that the passages presented here shall answer for some such a service !

SYRACUSE, N.Y., April, 1882.

I.

GNOMIC.

WHATEVER Manu said was medicine.— *Indian Veda.*

It is by the Odes that the mind is aroused.— *Confucius.*



USES AND SANCTIONS.

1.
MAN is man's mirror.
Turkish.
2.
Iron sharpens iron ; scholar, the scholar.
Hebrew (Talmud).
3.
A fig-tree looking on a fig-tree becometh fruitful.
Arabic.
4.
Bodies are cleansed by water ; the mind is purified by truth.
Hindu (Manu).
5.
The truths we least wish to hear are those which it is most to our advantage to know.
Chinese.
6.
The tree of the world hath its poisons, but beareth two fruits of exquisite flavor, the nectar of poetry and the society of noble men.
Hindu (Hitopadesa).
7.
Collect as precious pearls the words of those who are as an ocean of knowledge and virtue.
Turkish.

8.

A beautiful word is like a poem which sheds glory;
a genial word is like harps and lutes; communion with
the good is like a fragrance of flowers that fills the
neighborhood.

9.

Three days without study make one's thought insipid.

10.

Something is learned every time a book is opened.

Chinese.

11.

In every head is some wisdom.

Arabic.

12.

He is the true sage who learns from all the world.

13.

When the camel wants straw, he stretches out his
neck. (Nothing to be had without exertion.)

Persian,—Roebuck.

14.

“How hast thou so profound a lore attained?”

“To ask another, I was ne'er ashamed.”

Persian (Saadi), Alger.

15.

A single conversation across the table with a wise
man is better than ten years' mere study of books.

Chinese.

16.

Neglect not to improve life in the present with supe-
rior persons; for opportunity is precious, time is a
sword.

Persian (Saadi).

17.

It is not by living long, but by seeing much, that one learns much.

Turkish.

18.

Yet the master is helpless when the scholar is inapt: it is blowing through a *bambu* to teach wisdom to the dull.

19.

The instruction of the foolish is a waste of knowledge: a maund of soap cannot wash charcoal white.

Hindu (Kabir).

20.

The wise man never heard a joke
But living wisdom from it broke;
The fool no wisdom ever learned
But it in him to folly turned.

Persian (Saadi), Alger.

21.

Suppose me a steel weapon, I will use you for a whetstone: suppose me a year of drought, I will use you for a copious rain. Open your mind and enrich mine. Be like medicine which will not cure the patient, if it do not distress him.

*Chinese (Shu King. Words
of an ancient king to his prime minister).*

22.

The virtues are not poured into us, they are natural. Seek, and you will find them: neglect, and you will lose them.

Chinese (Mencius).

23.

Would you know what you were, see what you are:
would you know what you will be, see what you do.

Chinese.

24.

Where there is much mire, the *elephant's* foot slips.
(The most pious and abstinent are in danger of falling
into vice, if they go in the way of strong temptation.)

Hindustanee,—Roebuck.

25.

Whatever goes into a salt mine becomes salt.

26.

A black pot makes the others black.

Persian,—Roebuck.

27.

ne suis pas la rose, As cloth is tinged by any dye
ais, j' ai vécu parmi In which it long time plunged may lie,
roses et j' en ai So those with whom he loves to live
vu le parfum . To every man his color give.*

Hindu (Mahabharata), Muir.

28.

As with the growing steer the horn, so with accumu-
lating riches increases the selfishness.

Hindu (Mahabharata).

29.

Even a dull brain is made wise by intercourse with a
wise man, as turbid water is clarified by contact with
the fruit of the Kataka.

Hindu (Malavika).

* "It is a true proverb that if you live with a lame man you will
learn to halt."—*Plutarch.*

30.

What man is there whom contact with a great soul will not exalt? A drop of water upon the petal of a lotus glistens with the splendors of the pearl.

Hindu (Panchatantra).

31.

Lot's wife associated with the wicked, and her posterity forfeited the gift of prophecy; but the dog of the companions of the cave, by long converse with the virtuous, *became a rational creature.*

Persian (Saadi).

32.

The great end of learning is nothing else but to seek for the lost mind.

Chinese (Mencius).

33.

Much have I learned from my masters, more from my colleagues, most from my disciples.

Hebrew (Talmud).

DISCIPLINE AND CHARACTER.

34.

A GEM is not polished without rubbing, nor is a man perfected without trials.

Chinese.

35.

Pearls unpolished shine not.

Japanese.

36.

The unblown flower exhales no sweets; the gem unpolished shines not. Did not the winter's cold once penetrate its stem, how could the blossom emit such fragrance?

Chinese.

37.

The sharp trial is my good fortune.

38.

The ode says, as we cut and then file, as we carve and then polish, so has he cultivated himself.

Chinese (Confucius).

39.

A hammer can make a needle out of a beam.

Chinese.

40.

A pestle by chiselling at last becomes a stick.

Malay.

41.

At forty, I had attained the unperturbed mind.

Chinese (Mencius).

42.

As oil in sesame seed is found by pressure, as water by digging the earth, as fire in the two pieces of wood by rubbing them together, so is that absolute soul found by one within his own soul by truth and discipline alone.

Hindu (Svetasvatara Upanishad).

43.

Silk comes from a worm, gold from rock, the lotus from mud, the moon from the sea, and the blue water-rose from cowdung, a jewel from the head of a snake, bezoar from the ox. He who has superior qualities becomes distinguished through their development and expression. What signifies noble birth?

44.

Not in good fortune, but in ill, is the power of great men revealed: when the wood of aloes is exposed to the flames, its fragrance exhales stronger than ever.

Hindu (Panchatantra).

45.

A real man is he whose goodness is a part of himself.

Chinese (Mencius).

46.

Distinction is not in being heard of far and wide, but in being solid, straightforward, and loving the right.

47.

First the plain ground, and then the colors.

Chinese (Confucius).

48.

The highest of men is he who strikes what is right without effort.

Chinese (Confucius).

49.

Diligence, persistence, strength, perception, and courage,—a god even stands in awe of him that possesses these.

Hindu (Vikramacharita).

50.

The principles of great men illuminate the universe.

Chinese (Mencius).

51.

Wherever the tree of beneficence takes root, it sends forth branches beyond the sky.

Persian (Saadi).

52.

The entire world shall be populous with that action of thine which saves one soul from despair.

Persian (Omar Kheyam).

53.

Though the sun should even rise in the west, Mount Meru quake and quiver, fire freeze, and the lotus bloom upon the summit of the rock on the peak of the mountain, yet never would the speech of noble men transmute to empty words.

Hindu (Vikramacharita).

54.

Good qualities, though hidden, become unveiled, and shine throughout the world. The flower of jasmine, although dried up, sends a sweet fragrance everywhere.

Thibetan (Saskya Pandita).

55.

Never has there been one possessed of complete sincerity who did not move others. Never has there been one who had not sincerity who was able to move others.

Chinese (Mencius).

56.

Weasels play with serpents and tigers with deer like friends, through the great power of those saints of brilliant austerity, from the proximity of those mighty ones.

Hindu (Mahabharata).

57.

When the fame of Lew Hea Hooi is heard of, the mean man becomes liberal, and the miserly becomes generous.

Chinese (Confucius).

58.

By reason of the meanness of the base, we have great satisfaction in finding a man genuine and true. When a traveller has climbed the rugged heights of a mountain, he enjoys with a keener zest the smooth table-land on the summit.

59.

The sun is in its rising ruddy, in its setting also ruddy: in fortune and in misfortune also, the great continue ever the same.

Hindu,—Boehlingk.

60.

The good man, even though overwhelmed by misfortune, loses never his inborn greatness of soul. Camphor-wood burnt in the fire becomes all the more fragrant.

Hindu (Drishtanta Sataka).

61.

Heat gold never so often, it never ceases to give off the rays of its characteristic lustre ; cut the sugar-cane into never so many pieces, it never ceases to be sweet ; rub the sandal-wood as much as you please, it never loses its fragrance. The inborn nature of the noble suffers no change to life's end.

Hindu,—Boehtlingk.

62.

An old man can see as much in a brick as a young man can see in a glass.

Persian,—Roebuck.

63.

In an aged man appears ripeness of wisdom : in an old sandal-tree is produced the fragrance.

Hindu (Drishtanta Sataka).

64.

A good old man is like old wine which has deposited its lees.

Oriental,—Long.

65.

Old rice has a superior flavor.

Hindustanee,—Roebuck.

66.

To sew patch upon patch and be patient is better than writing petitions to great men for clothing. To use your hands in making mortar of quicklime, is preferable to folding them on your breast in attendance upon a king.

Persian (Saadi).

BEGINNINGS.

67.

ANTICIPATE the difficult by managing the easy.

Chinese (Lao Tsse).

68.

Chain anger, lest it chain thee.

Hindu (Cura), Conway.

69.

Every rogue has begun by being a bad son.

Chinese.

70.

A good year begins from its spring: (A man gives indications in his youth of what his maturity will be.)

Persian,—Roebuck.

71.

Begin to regulate before the disorder exists. The tree that fills the arms grew from a slender twig. The castle of nine stories was raised from a single mound of earth.

The journey of a thousand miles began with one pace.

Chinese (Lao Tsse).

72.

The passage of a single rat is nothing, but it soon becomes a thoroughfare.

Arabic.

73.

The tree that has only just taken root may be pulled up by the strength of a man ; but should it continue some time in that state, it could not be eradicated even by a windlass.

Persian (Saadi).

74.

When a man at forty is the object of dislike, he will always continue what he is.

Chinese (Confucius).

75.

He that is bad continues bad in age. A cucumber of colocynth, however ripe it becomes, is never sweet.

Hindu (Vriddha Chanakya).

76.

When a word has once escaped, a chariot with four horses cannot overtake it. Learn then to watch over thy words.

Chinese.

77.

If your foot slip, you may recover your balance ; but if your mouth slips, you cannot recall your words.

Telugu,— Long.

78.

A wound made by the arrow will cicatrize and heal ; a forest felled by the axe will spring up again in new growth ; but a wound made by the tongue will never heal, there is no renewal.

Hindu (Mahabharata).

79.

The tongue is but three inches long, yet it can kill a man six feet high.*

Japanese.

80.

If a chattering bird be not placed in the mouth, vexation will not sit between the eyebrows.

Chinese.

81.

The wound burnt in by fire may heal, but a wound burnt in by the tongue will never heal.

Hindu (Cural).

82.

The blow from a knife may be easily cured ; not so a blow from the tongue.

83.

The tongue kills more than the sword.

84.

The tongue has no bones, yet it crushes.

Turkish.

85.

A long tongue makes life short.

Persian,—Long.

86.

Anger is as a stone cast into a wasp's nest.

Malabar,— Long.

* English Proverb : The tongue is not steel, but it cuts.

87.

★ Let a man mark the quick increase of a white ant's nest, and suffer no day to pass unfruitful in study, charity, and work.

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

88.

★ A jar is gradually filled by the falling of single drops of water. The same rule holds for all sciences, for virtue, and wealth.

Hindu (Vridhha Chanakya).

89.

On the bathing tub of King T'ang the following words were engraved: "If you would one day renovate yourself, do so from day to day. Yea, let there be daily renovation."

Chinese.

90.

A day may come when this intemperance (in eating) may destroy you. Somebody nourished a wolf's whelp which, when full grown, tore its master to pieces.

91.

A little and a little collected together becomes a great deal; the heap in the barn consists of single grains, and drop and drop form an inundation.

Persian (Saadi).

JUSTICE AND TRUTH.

92.

JUSTICE is the soul of the universe.

Persian (Omar Kheyam).

93.

* Justice being destroyed, will destroy; being preserved, will preserve; it must never therefore be violated. Beware, O judge! lest justice, being overturned, overturn both us and thyself.

Hindu (Manu).

94.

Ill-gotten rice boils to nothing.

Chinese.

95.

If you buy meat cheap, you will smell what you have saved when it boils.

Arabic.

96.

He desires to hide his tracks, and walks on snow.

Chinese.

97.

Justice is so dear to the heart of nature, that, if in the last day one atom of injustice were found, the universe would shrivel like a snake-skin to cast it off forever.

Hindu (Ancient, but unknown).

98.

To rule with equity is like the north star, which is fixed, and all the rest go round it.

Chinese (Confucius).

99.

Virtue in its grandest aspect is neither more nor less than following reason.

Chinese (Lao Tszé).

100.

Benevolence is the tranquil habitation of man, and righteousness is his straight path.

Chinese (Mencius).

101.

The sun and moon, wind and fire, heaven, earth, and water, the heart and Yama,* day and night, both twilights and justice, are acquainted with the conduct of man.

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

102.

The net of heaven is very wide in its meshes, and yet it misses nothing.

Chinese (Lao Tszé).

103.

All errors have only a time. After a hundred millions of subtleties, sophisms, and lies, the smallest truth remains precisely what it was before.

Chinese.

104.

A snake cannot enter his hole until he straightens himself.

Persian,—Roebuck.

105.

Rectitude is the means of conciliating the divine favor. I never saw any one lost on a straight road.

Persian (Saadi).

* Yama, the Lord of the dead.

106.

- Be upright in your conduct, O my brother, and stand not in awe of any one. The fuller beats *foul* cloths only against the stone.

107.

- Oppress not to the utmost a single heart, for a single sigh hath power to upset a whole world.
The burning flame from wild rue raises not such a smoke as is occasioned by the sighs of the afflicted heart.

Persian (Saadi).

108.

I do not know how a man without truthfulness is to get on. How can a large carriage be made to go without the cross-bar for yoking the oxen to, or a small carriage without the arrangement for yoking the horses?

109.

- With coarse rice to eat, with water to drink, and my bended arm for a pillow, I have still joy in the midst of these things. Riches and honors acquired by unrighteousness are to me as a floating cloud.

Chinese (Confucius).

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

110.

HE who knows others is wise. He who knows himself is enlightened.

He who conquers others is strong. He who conquers himself is mighty.

He who knows when he has enough is rich. He who dies, but perishes not, enjoys longevity.

Chinese (Lao Tszé).

111.

Grieve not that men know not you ; grieve that you know not men.

Chinese (Confucius).

112.

Innumerable are the men who know the faults of others ; a few, too, know their merits. But it is doubtful if any one knows his own faults.

Hindu (Subhashitarnava).

113.

O King, thou seest the faults of others, though only as large as mustard seeds ; but, seeing, thou seest not thine own, though of the bulk of Bilva* fruits.

Hindu (Mahabharata).

114.

Never allow the praise of a friend to conceal from you your own faults ; for to his eye, be sure, those faults will seem merits.

Persian (Dschami).

*The *Crataeva Marmelos* of Linnaeus.

115.

He who drops his head hearing praise, and is glad to be told of his faults, is a sage.

Chinese.

116.

Not in a perturbed mind does wisdom spring.

Hindu (Kapila).

117.

Ivory does not come from a rat's mouth. (Expect not wisdom from a fool.)

Chinese.

118.

If through life the foolish man sits beside the wise, he will not taste the law, as the ladle tastes not the broth.

If a discerning man for one moment sits beside the wise, he will quickly taste the law, as the tongue tastes the soup.

Hindu (Buddha).

119.

In disuse, knowledge is poison. In indigestion, food is poison.

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

120.

The good do not debate: the debater is not good. The knowing are not learned: the learned are not knowing.

Chinese (Lao Tszé).

121.

Seek truth from thought, not in mouldy books. Look in the sky to find the moon, not in the pool.

Persian (Dschelaleddin Rumi).

122.

Find your great in what is little, and your many in the few.

One needs not to go beyond his own door to know the world.

One needs not to peep through his window to see the celestial Tao (Reason). The further one goes away from himself and from home, the less he knows.

Chinese (Lao Tsze).

123.

For these women are by nature instructed, whilst the learning of men is taught them by books.

Hindu (Mrichhakatī).

124.

Hassan of Basra asked her (Rabia), "In what manner hast thou known Him?" "O Hassan," she replied, "thou hast known by a certain method and process, but I without these."

Persian (Ferideddin Attar).

125.

That jewel knowledge is great riches, riches which is not plundered by kinsmen, not carried off by thieves, not decreased by giving.

Hindu (Bhavabhūti).

126.

Learning is a companion on a journey to a strange country. Learning is strength inexhaustible. A man without learning is a beast of the field.

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

127.

He who does not go forth and explore all the world, which is full of many wonderful things, is a well-frog.

Hindu (Panchatantra).

128.

The frog in the well sees nothing of the high seas.

Japanese,— Long.

129.

Books are endless, the sciences are many, time very short, and there are many obstacles. A man should therefore seek for that which is the essence, as a swan seeks to extract the milk which is mixed with water.

Hindu (Vriddha Chanakya).

130.

Though one devote himself to many teachers, he must extract the essence, as the bee from flowers.

Hindu (Kapila).

131.

It would be better to be without the Shu-King than to believe every word of it.

Chinese (Mencius).

132.

There are many words. Take the pith of them. Put a check on the tongue: speak not much. Associate with the wise. Investigate the words of the teacher.

Hindu (Kabir).

HUMILITY.

133.

HE that humbles himself shall be preserved entire.
He that is low shall be filled.

134.

* The sage wears a coarse garment, and hides his jewel
in his bosom.

He is not self-displaying, and therefore he shines ;
he is not self-praising, and therefore he has merit ; he
is not self-exalting, and therefore he stands high. And,
inasmuch as he does not strive, no one in all the world
strives with him.

Chinese (Lao Tszé).

135.

Whatever jewels thou wearest on thy brow, only
humility can give them their lustre. To that talisman,
Paradise opens its gate, and to it opens the heart of
man. Dear to all hearts is he whom lowliness exalts :
his bending is the graceful droop of the branch laden
with fruit.

Persian,— Conway.

136.

Lay thy face low on the threshold of truth.

Persian (Feisi).

137.

In the last day, men shall wear
 On their heads the dust,
 As ensign and as ornament
 Of their lowly trust.

*Persian (Hafiz), Emerson.**

138.

A raindrop fell into the sea. "I am lost," it cried;
 "What am I in such a sea?" Into the shell of a gap-
 ing oyster it fell, and there was formed into the Orient
 pearl, which now shines fairest in Britain's diadem.
 Humility creates the worth it underrates.

Persian,— Sir W. Jones.

139.

Tsze-Kung asked Confucius, saying, "Master, are
 you a sage?" Confucius answered him: "A sage is
 what I cannot rise to. I learn without satiety, and
 teach without being tired." Tsze-Kung said: "You
 learn without satiety: that shows your wisdom. You
 teach without being tired: that shows your benevolence.
 Benevolent and wise:— Master, you ARE a sage."

Chinese (Mencius).

*Used here with Mr. Emerson's permission.

STRENGTH.

140.

* A GREAT man never loses the simplicity of a child.

Chinese.

141.

By undivided attention to the passion-nature and tenderness, it is possible to be a little child.

Chinese (Lao Tszé).

142.

The great man is he who does not lose his child-heart.

Chinese (Mencius).

143.

Compassion is that which is victorious in the attack, and secure in the defense. When Heaven would save a man, it encircles him with compassion.

The weakest things in the world will gallop over the strongest.

To keep tenderness, I pronounce strength.

He who knows the masculine (nature), and at the same time keeps the feminine, will be the whole world's channel (*i.e.*, the centre of universal attraction).

Chinese (Lao Tszé).

144.

Quiet water splits a stone.*

Bengali,—Long.

* German: Patience breaks iron.

FATE.

145.

EVERY man's fate hath God fastened about his neck.

Arabic (Koran).

146.

Life, death, wealth, wisdom, works are measured for one while on his mother's bosom.

Hindu (Ramayana).

147.

Birth closes the gate of gifts.

Persian.

148.

The stroke written upon the forehead by Vishnu, Siva, Brahma, or any of the other gods, can never be washed out.

Hindu (Vikramacharita).

149.

Were you to set the egg of a raven, whose nature it is to be gloomy as chaos, under the pea-hen of the garden of Eden, and, during the period of her sitting upon that egg, were you to feed her with the pulp of the fig of Paradise, and give her drink from the fountain of that blissful region, nay, were the angel Gabriel to inspire her with the spirit of life, still, that egg of a raven could produce but a raven, and that labor of the pea-hen would come to a fruitless conclusion.*

Persian (Hatife).

* English: There is no getting white flour out of a coal-sack.

African: The daughter of a crab does not give birth to a bird.

150.

When men are ripe for slaughter, even straws turn into thunderbolts.

Hindu (Mahabharata).

151.

A poor carp escaped the rough hand of a fisherman that had seized him, but fell back into the net again. He escaped from the net, but was devoured by a heron. Alas! when fate is against a man, how can he steer clear of misfortune?

152.

A gazelle that had broken the noose, had tossed aside the trap laid for him, had broken with ease through the net, had escaped far away from the forest in which he was encircled with a ring of flame, and by his wonderful fleetness had outrun the reach of the hunter's arrows, in his swift flight fell into a well. What avails the utmost exertion of man, when the fates are against him?

Hindu (Panchatantra).

153.

When an arrow gets wet, it becomes like a bow. (Misfortune makes a proud man bend.)

Persian,—Roebuck.

154.

The natural disposition is hard to overcome. If you make a dog a king, will he not still gnaw leather (literally, gnaw his shoe-strap)?*

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

* Hindustanee: If you treat a dog like a bridegroom, he will still continue to lick the pot-lids.—*Roebuck.*

French: Wash a dog, comb a dog, still a dog is but a dog.

155.

A bad man, though you treat him friendlily, will perpetually be taking on again his old disposition. He is like the tail of a dog, which, though you bend it down with utmost care by emollients and unguents, will always return again to its old shape.

Hindu (Panchatantra).

156.

* Though he roam to sacred Concan, no dog will turn into a lion; going to holy Benares will make no pig an elephant; and no pilgrimage will make a saint of one whose nature is different.

Hindu (Vemana), Conway.

157.

Will a crow become a swan by bathing in the Ganges?

Tamul,—Long.

158.

Let the ass (even) of Jesus go to Mecca, when he returns, he will still be an ass.*

159.

Chamois leather is not made of a camel's hide.†

160.

How can a good sword be made from bad iron? (Uselessness of education bestowed on a blockhead, or one of a disposition innately bad.) *Persian,—Roebuck.*

*English: Jack will never be a gentleman.

†English: You cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear.

Spanish: A hog's tail never makes a good arrow.

161.

It is unprofitable to hammer cold iron. (It is no use to bestow good advice on one who will not listen.)

Persian,—Roebuck.

162.

Rotten wood cannot be carved; a dirt wall won't stand the trowel.

Chinese (Confucius).

163.

You can't rivet a nail in a boiled potato.

Japanese.

164.

The possession which the Creator has written upon our forehead, be it small or great, we shall surely attain even in the waste desert; and more than this we can never get, though we be on Mount Meru, whose sides are packed with gold. Therefore, be of good cheer, and spend not your life fruitlessly, pitifully, among the rich. Behold in the fountain, alike as in the ocean, you shall dip your pitcher full of water.

Hindu (Bhartrihari).

165.

Each is bounded by his nature,
And remains the same in stature,
In the valley, on the mountain:
Scoop from ocean or from fountain
With a poor hand or a richer,
You can only fill your pitcher.

Persian (Saadi), Alger.

FREEDOM.

166.

'Tis writ on Paradise's gate,
"Woe to the dupe that yields to fate."

Persian (Hafiz), Emerson.

167.

A work prospers through endeavors, not through
vows. The fawn runs not into the mouth of a sleeping
lion.

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

168.

Upon fate and human endeavor is suspended the
issue of every undertaking; but fate is plainly only the
conduct of man in a former existence.

Hindu (Yajnavalkya).

169.

As the light goes out with the exhaustion of the oil,
so fortune fails with the cessation of human endeavor.

Hindu (Mahabharata).

170.

Feridun, the happy and fortunate Feridun, was not
an angel; he was not like that celestial being formed
from musk and ambergris. He attained this renown by
his justice, munificence, obedience: be thou obedient,
munificent, and just, as he was, and thou too mayst be a
Feridun.

Persian (Firdusi).

171.

There is nothing on earth that a sufficient wisdom will not avail to accomplish. The hardest of iron, by using the right means, is transformed into a liquid.

Hindu,—Boehlingk.

172.

Two-fold is the life we live in: fate and will together run.
Two wheels bear the chariot onward. Will it move on only one?

Nay, but faint not, idly sighing, "Destiny is mightiest."
Sesamum holds oil in plenty, but it yieldeth none unprest.

Hindu (Hitopadesa), Arnold.

173.

To him in whom sweet, all-lovable character is revealed, fire transmutes to water, the sea is instantly but a well, Mount Meru a hillock, the lion as a gazelle, poison potion a shower of nectar, and serpents a crown of flowers.

Hindu (Bhartrihari).

174.

Mount Meru's peak to scale is not too high,
Nor Hades' lowest depth to reach too deep,
Nor any sea too broad to overleap,
For men of dauntless, fiery energy.

Hindu (Vridha Chanakya), Muir.

MISCELLANEOUS.

175.

MAN is the bloom of the five elements, and contains their highest meaning.*

Chinese (Chu-hi).

176.

Every day in thy life is a leaf in thy history.

177.

If you can add anything to what you possess, it is of value,—even a rusty nail.

Arabic.

178.

The only pleasure that never wears out is that of doing good.

179.

The sage does good as he breathes ; it is his life.

Chinese.

180.

All that thou givest, thou wilt carry away with thee.

Turkish.

181.

That alone belongs to you which you have bestowed.

Hindu (Vemana), Conway.

182.

A wise man's day is worth a fool's life.

Arabic.

* "The human brain is the highest bloom of the whole organic metamorphosis of the earth."—*Schelling.*

183.

The sage does not lay up treasures. The more he does for others, the more he has of his own. The more he gives to others, the more he is increased.

Chinese (Lao Tsue).

184.

Politeness is a mine destined to enrich not only those who receive, but those who dispense it.*

Persian,—Conway.

185.

Receive your thoughts as guests, and treat your desires like children.

186.

Every day cannot be a feast of lanterns.

187.

True gold dreads not fire.

188.

Deep roots fear no wind.

189.

Better not be, than be nothing.

190.

For him who does everything in its proper place, one day is worth three.

Chinese (Current Maxims).

* "Esteem that to be eminently good which, when communicated to another, will be increased to thyself."—*Greek (Demophilus, Pythagorean).*

191.

We must do quickly what there is no hurry for, to be able to do slowly what demands haste.

192.

A man without a smiling face must not open a shop.

193.

If a little cash does not go, much cash will not come.

194.

Without a good mirror, no lady can know her true appearance. Without a true friend, no scholar can know his own errors of conduct.

195.

When friendship is real, men can talk without reserve.

196.

Negligent farming may induce temporary poverty ; but a mistake in marriage blights a whole life.

197.

Do not lace your boots in a melon-field, nor adjust your hat under a plum-tree. (Avoid suspicion.)

198.

The gods cannot help one who loses opportunities.

199.

Seek not every quality in one person.

Chinese (Current Maxims).

200.

Better a diamond with a flaw than a pebble without one.

201.

If you reject the iron, you will never make the steel.

202.

One may be decorous without being chaste, but one cannot be chaste without being decorous.

203.

One may do without mankind, but one has need of a friend.

204.

When you drink from a stream, remember the spring.

Chinese (Current Maxims).

205.

Throw no stones into the well whence you have drunk.

Hebrew (Talmud).

206.

Every grain of rice you eat has been watered by the sweat of the laborer.

207.

Judge not by appearance : the sea cannot be scooped up in a tumbler.

208.

The dog in his kennel barks at his fleas, but the dog who is hunting does not feel them.

209.

The end of punishment is to make an end of punishing.

Chinese (Current Maxims).

210.

You can hardly make a friend in a year, but you can easily offend one in an hour.

211.

Ceremony is the smoke of friendship.

Chinese (Current Maxims).

212.

Be of good memory, if you become a liar.*

Arabic.

213.

Flight is the beginning of defeat.

Hebrew (Talmud).

214.

Doing well depends on doing completely.

Persian,—Roebuck.

215.

Speed before, forgetfulness behind. (The more haste, the less speed.)

216.

Gold is known by the touch-stone, and a man by living with him.

217.

A blind man loses his staff only once.

218.

Where a man's talents are not valued, there is no place for him. What should a washerman do in a place where people go naked?

Hindustanee,—Roebuck.

* Spanish: Who sows thorns, let him not walk barefoot.

219.

He sees the speck on another's eyes, but not the film on his own.

220.

A part once bruised is always in the way of accidents, and one is sure to meet the person he wishes to avoid.

221.

Do not throw clods into dung, to spatter your own clothes.

222.

What does he who has never had chilblains know of another's pain?

223.

A cocoa-nut in the hands of a monkey. (Pearls before swine.)

224.

To burn a house in order to kill a wasp.

Hindustanee,—Roebuck.

225.

To fell a tree to catch a black-bird.

Chinese,—Long.

226.

The merit belongs to the first beginner, should even the successor do better.

Arabic,—Burckhardt.

227.

Speech is silver, silence is golden.

228.

Two hearts united will break down a mountain. (Unanimity will accomplish anything.)

Persian.

229.

The stone came on the lame foot. (Misfortunes seldom come single.)

230.

A dog at hand is better than a brother afar off.

231.

A grateful dog is better than a thankless man.

232.

He that has been scalded with milk blows when he drinks buttermilk.*

233.

It is ill sport between the cotton and the fire.

234.

Satin, notwithstanding it gets old, yet never becomes a sock.

235.

Of what use is camphor to a person struck by lightning? (When the house is burnt down, you bring water.)

Persian,—Roebuck.

* Hebrew: Whoever has been bitten by a serpent is afraid of a rope's end.

Singhalese: The man who has received a beating from a fire-brand runs away at sight of a fire-fly.

Italian: Whom a serpent has bitten, a lizard alarms.

Spanish: He who is bit by the scorpion is alarmed at its shadow.

Oji (African): He whom a serpent has bitten dreads a slow-worm, *i.e.*, a harmless reptile.

English: A burnt child dreads the fire.

236.

If you go a jackal-hunting, prepare to meet with a lion.

237.

A dog does not smell burnt bones. (People do not pay regard to what is of no use to them.)

238.

He that takes the raven for a guide shall light upon carrion.

Persian,—Roebuck.

239.

A bunch of grapes has but one stalk. (Application of the powers to one object, the surest method of success.)

240.

Two water-melons are not held in one hand.*

241.

Whoever parts scorpions with the hand of compassion receives punishment.

242.

He knows not how to dance, but says the floor is uneven.†

243.

He dug up the foundation to finish the roof.

Persian (Current Maxims)

* "One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit."

† English Proverb: When the devil couldn't swim, he laid the fault on the water.

244.

They burn a camel through a blanket.*

245.

Not to have loved is never to have been blessed.

246.

The rose does not spring from the tears of mourning.

247.

Though thy friend be honey, do not swallow him up.

248.

Who chatters *to* you, will chatter *of* you.

249.

The cure for anger is silence.

250.

Be not all sugar, or the world will gulp thee down ;
nor yet all wormwood, or the world will spit thee out.

Persian (Current Maxims).

251.

He who makes himself bran is pecked by hens.

Arabic,—Long.

252.

What has the mouse to care (about the price of grain), since it has its nest in the mill ?

Persian (Current Maxim).

* "When a cautery is to be applied to the camel for the cure of certain complaints, it is usual to put several folds of a coarse cloth or blanket between the hot iron and the camel's skin, so that the heat may penetrate gradually."—*Roebuck.*

253.

In whatever business one engages heartily, were it even a thorn, it would become a nosegay.

Persian (Current Maxim).

254.

No task is well performed by a reluctant hand.

Persian, (Nisami).

255.

What will not time and toil? By these, a worm
Will into silk a mulberry leaf transform.

Persian,—Trench.

256.

This unripe grape has already the properties of a raisin. (Of a young man with the understanding and gravity of age.)

Persian,—Roebuck.

257.

The star of sublimity shone on his forehead through wisdom. (Of a youth.)

Persian (Saadi).

258.

When once thy cart is overturned, every one will point out to thee the way.*

Persian,—Trench.

259.

If I am master, and thou art master, who shall drive the asses? †

Arabic,—Trench.

* Irish Proverb: The man who sits on the dike always hurls well.

† Galligan: You a lady, and I a lady, who shall drive the hogs afield?

English: I stout and you stout (proud), who will carry the dirt out?

260.

He fled from the rain and sat down under the water-spout.

261.

The hunting-dogs have scratched faces. (Spoken in regard to the soft face and skin of the idleton and milksop.)

262.

None got the cow but the Kadi. (The arbitrator himself seized upon the object in dispute.)

Arabic.

263.

Things of no value usually make a great noise. Gold does not yield any such resonance as brass.

Hindu (Sarngadhara Paddhati).

264.

Be careful of your speech; a flaw in jade may be ground away, but a flaw in speech is hopeless.

Chinese.

265.

The secret that should not be blown
Not one of thy nation must know;
You may padlock the gate of a town,
But never the mouth of a foe.

Persian,—Emerson.

266.

A beautiful word is like a poem, which sheds glory;
a genial word is like harps and lutes. Communion

with the good is like a fragrance of flowers that fills the neighborhood.

Chinese.

267.

The deeper the mind penetrates, the clearer it becomes; the more it spreads itself out on the surface, the more it is confused.

268.

Let the writer's thought so ripen in thee that it becomes, as it were, thy own thought.

Chinese (Chu-hi).

269.

To speak so that the meaning may easily enter the mind,* to discern the subtlest thought in the words of others,—this is wisdom.

Hindu (Cural), Conway.

270.

Let the thought go deep, but let not the labor appear; † let all the parts harmonize as by nature.

Chinese,—S. Johnson.

* "Be not too brief in conversation, lest you be not understood, nor too diffuse, lest you be troublesome."—*Protagoras.*

"In good prose, every word is underscored."—*Schelling.*

"Shortness is the great object of this style of composition (the Sûtras), and it is a proverbial saying (taken from the Mahabhashya) amongst the Pandits, that 'an author rejoiceth in the economizing of half a short vowel as much as in the birth of a son.'" —*M. Müller (Hist. of Ancient Sanscrit Literature).*

† "Those figures alone are good from which the labor is scraped off, when the scaffolding is taken away."—*Michel Angelo.*

"*Ars est celare artem.*" The great object of art is to conceal art.

271.

On every side is an ambush laid by the robber troops of circumstance. Hence it is that the horseman of life urges on his courser at headlong speed.

Persian (Hafiz), Emerson.

272.

Our condition is like the darting lightning, one instant flashing and the next disappearing. Sometimes we are seated above the fourth heaven, and at other times we cannot see the back of our feet.

Persian (Saadi).

273.

Whoever has a contented mind has all riches. To him whose foot is enclosed in a shoe, is it not as though the earth were carpeted with leather?

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

274.

The shell was not filled with pearls until it was contented (*i.e.*, ceased from unrest).

Persian,—Roebuck.

275.

There resides in the grieving

A poison to kill;

Beware to go near them,

'Tis pestilent still.

Persian (Hafiz), Emerson.

276.

A crocodile in the water can destroy an elephant; out of the stream, it is discomfited even by a dog. Where the skilful is not at home, he is of no avail.

Hindu (Panchatantra).

277.

In respect of a thing which ought to be taken or to be given, or of a work which ought to be done, and not being done quickly, time drinks up the spirit thereof.*

278.

In the sandal-trees are serpents. In the waters are lotuses, but alligators also. In our enjoyments are envious spies. No pleasures are unimpeded.

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

279.

Between friends, frequent reproofs make the friendship distant.

Chinese (Confucius).

280.

Any ordinary thing, broken in sunder, may, though with difficulty, be repaired, the parts united again; but friendship broken, although it may be repaired, yet will never thereafter grow to love.

Hindu (Mahabharata).

281.

The sun is a hundred thousand leagues away, and the water-roses that open to the light of day are in the pool; the moon, friend of the night-blooming lotus, is two hundred thousand leagues distant. Friendship knows no separations that divide it in space.

Hindu (Vikramacharita).

* Spanish Proverb: By the road of By-and-by, one arrives at the house of Never.

282.

While our love was strong, we lay on the edge of a sword; now it is no longer strong, a sixty-yard-wide bed is too narrow for us.

Hebrew (Talmud), Deutsch.

283.

A needle's eye is wide enough for two friends; the whole world is too narrow for two foes.

Persian,—Roebuck.

284.

Even a stranger, if kind, is a friend; whilst a kinsman, if unkind, is a stranger. A distemper, though bred in the body, is malignant; whilst a drug, though produced in the woods, is healing.

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

285.

Among eminent persons, even though they live far apart from each other, the superior qualities open quick communication. The moment the bees smell the fragrance of the Ketaki, they instinctively fly for it.

Hindu (Sarnghadhara Paddhati).

286.

This is the fruit of love in the world, that in two bodies dwells one mind.*

287.

The drop of rain falls on glowing iron, and is no more. It falls on a flower, and shines like a pearl. It sinks down into a shell at the happy hour, and becomes

* "Friendship, composed of a single soul inhabiting two bodies."
—*Aristotle.*

the pearl itself. Such the difference between the kinds of friendship among men.

Hindu (Bhartrihari).

288.

Although the service which one renders the vulgar and the noble may be the same, the return received is different. Though the seeding of the fields be alike, there is an immense difference in the harvests.

289.

The man who has need always to be borne and taken care of by some other, will perish thereby. The tortoise carried by two crows fell to the earth, they say.

Thibetan (Saskya Pandita).

290.

More kingdoms wait thy diadem than are known to thee by name.

Persian (Nisami), Conway.

291.

Whosoever runs after greatness, greatness runs away from him. He who runs from greatness, greatness follows him.

292.

The reward of good works is like dates, sweet and ripening late.

Hebrew (Talmua), Deutsch.

293.

A man with definite aims to be accomplished may be compared to one digging a well. To dig the well to

the depth of seventy-two cubits and stop without reaching the spring is, after all, throwing away the well.*

Chinese (Mencius).

294.

Constantly rising up, a man should reflect and ask himself, "What good thing have I done this day? The setting sun will carry with it a portion of my life."

Hindu (Sarngadhara Paddhati).

295.

The gods call that man by whom (though) alone the æther is, as it were, filled, and by whom (by whose absence) it is rendered a void, even if crowded with men, — a Brahman.

Hindu (Mahabharata).

296.

A single gifted son, of pure strain and noble deeds, is the ornament and honor of his whole family, as one pearl adorns and enriches the entire diadem.

Hindu (Panchatantra).

297.

The gem of the sky is the sun; the gem of the home is the child: in the assembly shines the brow of the wise man.

Hindu (Buddhist), Conway.

* "Oh, Soul, remember how'er small the scope
Of thought or action that around thee lies,
It is the *finished* task alone can open
The gates of paradise."—*Anon.*

298.

As a fine fibre of a fig-tree (*ficus religiosa*, the banian) grows and outspreads itself mightily, so the gift that comes into worthy hands.

Hindu (Vikramacharita).

299.

In general, a bad man attributes to others the faults which he himself possesses. When the crow has eaten something foul, he hastens to wipe his bill at a place where the ground is clean.

Thibetan (Saskya Pandita).

300.

A bad man presently vitiates many excellent qualities of good men. Smoke vapors corrupt constantly the pure atmosphere.

Hindu,—Boehlingk.

301.

One scabby goat infects the flock.

Persian,—Long.

302.

A hog that is bemired is never easy till he has bemired others.

Hebrew.

303.

He who knows how to prize superior qualities is delighted with him that possesses them, while he who has none finds no pleasure in their possessor. The bee leaves the forest and comes to the water-rose; not so the frog, although he has his dwelling in the same place.

Hindu (Ili. opadesa).

304.

He who possesses merits himself, reads those qualities in others, not he that is without them. The strong, not the weak, know the strength of others. The cuckoo, not the crow, knows the values of spring; the elephant, not the mouse, the strength of the lion.

305.

What is the ground for wonder, that blemishes in the personal appearance of a good man transmute to attractions, while attractive points in the personal appearance of a bad man become very blemishes, since the clouds give down sweet water drawn from the brine of the sea, while the serpent even drinking milk, takes a dangerous poison ?

Hindu (Bhavabhuti).

306.

He whose days pass without imparting and enjoying, is like the bellows of a smith: he breathes indeed, but he does not live.

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

307.

Ravana, who, seeking to burn the tail of the monkey Hanumant, kindled a fire upon it, lived to see his own city burned down in consequence.

Hindu (Kwvalajananda).

308.

He that has nothing wishes to be possessor of a hundred, then of a thousand and a hundred thousand. The owner of a hundred thousand aspires to be a king; the king would fain be universal monarch. This

one, again, would have Indra's place ; Indra, Brahma's ; Brahma, Vishnu's ; and Vishnu, Siva's. Who has reached the goal of his wishes ?

309.

Happy those superior men who, when anger kindles within them, quench it by power of reason, as we quench the rising flame with water.

Hindu,—Boehtlingk.

310.

He that curbs and restrains outbreking anger, as a fiery steed, is called by the wise a real driver, not he that lets loose the reins.

Hindu (Mahabharata).

311.

Anger is anger, and inflicts the same hurt upon us whether coming from the noble or from common people. Sandal-wood and common fire-wood burn in the fire both the same.

Hindu (Drishtanta Sataka).

312.

Though the tree may be cut down, a new growth will spring up ; and a spent moon takes on new increase. Rational men, bearing such things in mind, do not grieve or lose heart under misfortune.

Hindu (Bhartrihari).

313.

Riches in their acquisition bring pain and suffering ; in their loss, manifold trouble and sorrow ; in their possession, a wild intoxication. How can we say that they confer happiness ?

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

314.

The words of a good poet, even when we do not apprehend their full meaning, pour a stream of sweet nectar upon the soul. The malati-chaplet (chaplet of lotus flowers) delights the eye, even when we are beyond the reach of its fragrance.

315.

The gold of a poem that has been burnt in the fire of the carping and ill-disposed is pure gold; therefore, you should with utmost diligence take care to submit your poem to the unfriendly eyes.

Hindu (Sarngadhara Paddhati).

316.

He who is dear to the heart is near, though far as far can be; he whom the heart rejects is remote, though near as our very self.

Hindu (Vikramacharita).

317.

The cuckoo drinks the celestial juice of the mango-tree, and is not proud. The frog drinks swamp water, and quacks with conceit.

Hindu (Varuki).

318.

The toad, living near the lotus, tastes not its honey; the illiterate, living near the learned, remain ignorant.

Hindu,— Long.

319.

The frog mounted on a clod said he had seen Kashmir.

Afghan,— Long.

320.

Many elephants cannot wade the river ; the mosquito says it is only knee deep.

Bengali,— Long.

321.

A small-minded man looks at the sky through a reed.

Japanese,— Long.

322.

How can the man who loves ease obtain knowledge? The seeker of knowledge can have no ease. Either let the lover of ease give up knowledge, or the lover of knowledge relinquish ease.

Hindu (Mahabharata), Muir.

323.

Only the scholar knows the consuming labor that learning requires ; she that has never borne, knows not the pangs in childbirth.

Hindu (Kavalajananda).

324.

The teacher's art attains a still higher perfection when imparted to the good scholar ; like the water-drop in the cloud, which the mussel-shell of the ocean transmutes to brilliant pearl.

Hindu (Vikramorvasi).

325.

The positions of the scholar and the ruler respectively are not alike ; the ruler is honored in his own realm, the scholar everywhere.

Hindu (Chanakya).

326.

Him, whose mind has gone to decay, engage and entertain with the past ; the simpleton (fool) with the future ; but the wise man with the present.

Hindu (Mahabharata).

327.

He that has no native wit his own, but has simply studied much, knows the meaning of his books no more than the ladle the taste of the broth.

Hindu (Mahabharata).

328.

Whatever he devoid of understanding may read, his virtue continues only so long as he is reading. Even as a frog is dignified only so long as it is seated on a lotus leaf.

Hindu (Vemana).

329.

He is a bookcase, not a scholar.

Hebrew (Talmud).

330.

A wise man should think upon knowledge as if he were undecaying and immortal. He should practise duty as if he were seized by the hair of his head by death.

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

331.

Two things indicate an obscure understanding : to be silent when we ought to converse, and to speak when we should be silent.

Persian (Saadi).

332.

The porter to a fool can always say, There is no one at home.

Persian,— Conway.

333.

When knowing nothing, like an elephant in heat, I was blind with my conceit, my spirit was vain, for I supposed I knew everything ; but, when gradually I

learned a little from the wise, then my conceit retired from me, like a fever, for now I knew that I was a fool.

Hindu (Bhartrihari).

334.

Knowledge, while it usually removes conceit and other vices, produces them in the fool; as the light of day, which, in all ordinary cases, wakes the power of vision, makes the owl blind.

Hindu (Panchatantra).

335.

He that walks daily over his estates finds a little coin each time.

Hebrew (Talmud).

336.

By committing but a single verse, or a half-verse, or a syllable even, by charities, by studies and labor, make the day fruitful.

Hindu (Vriddha Chanakya).

337.

A defect will more quickly take the eye than a merit. The spots on the moon usually arrest our attention more than his clear brilliance.

Hindu (Drishtanta Sataka).

338.

Flies spy out the wounds, bees the flowers; good men the merits, common men the faults.

Hindu (Chanakya).

339.

The base fellow sees in any one, whatever the excellences, only the defects and faults. A swine notices only the mud and mire in the pond that bears the lotus.

Hindu (Kavitamrtakuṣa).

340.

As a swarm of flies searches for the wounded place on a beautiful body, so an unfriendly eye looks to find the defects in a beautiful poem.

Hindu (Pajasangraha).

341.

Whosoever is sensible of his own faults carps not at another's failing.

Persian (Saadi).

342.

The favor of the ruler may confer fortune, but it does not bestow nobility of birth. The blackness of the poison Kalakuta does not blanch through coming in contact with Siva.

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

343.

If the thistle has no leaves, is that the fault of the spring? And if the owl has no vision by day, is the sun to be blamed? Or the clouds, if no drop falls into the cuckoo's beak? Who can wash away that which fate has already inscribed upon our forehead?

Hindu (Bhartrihari).

344.

A bad man is like an earthen vessel; easy to break, and hard to mend. A good man is like a golden vessel; hard to break and easy to mend.

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

345.

The worthy guest, ill-received and unhonored with hospitality, on departing will leave behind his own ill-deeds to you, and carry away from you all your good.

Hindu (Mahabharata).

346.

What is beauty without good behavior? What is night without the moon? What fluent speech without the gift of poesy?

Hindu,—Boehtlingk.

347.

Of what use a tree, bending though it be with the weight of its fruit, if a serpent lies nestling at its root, and darting forth poison from his fang?

Hindu (Bhartrihari).

348.

The cuckoo does well to relapse into stillness with the incoming of the rainy season. When the frogs are prating, silence is most befitting.

Hindu (Nīratna).

349.

An enjoyment to ourselves at the cost of others, brings ill to us, and has no continuance. Even the blood-sucking of the leeches, causes presently distress to themselves.

Hindu (Drishṭanta Sataka).

350.

Inasmuch as a child, seated upon a throne, has no strength, his subjects will not fight for him. Who would, in any case, fight for another, when he is not in condition to do anything for himself?

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

351.

To an elephant you must give a berth a thousand ells wide, to a horse a hundred, to horned creatures ten; but, to keep clear of a base fellow, you must quit the region.

Hindu (Chanakya).

352.

There is no place in the sandal-wood trees, to which a multitude of animals from all quarters does not make resort: serpents at the roots, birds on the tops, apes in the branches, and bees on the flowers.

Hindu (Sarnghadhara Paddhati).

353.

Panini, the great grammarian, lost his precious life by the ferocity of a lion; Jaimini, founder of the Mimamsa, was trampled in the dust and slain by an elephant; Pingala, a treasure-house of knowledge, was destroyed on the shore by a sea-monster. Wild beasts, unthinking, unknowing,—what care they for human worth?

Hindu (Panchatantra).

354.

A goose, not seeing well in the night, is frequently, while looking for clusters of lotuses, deceived by the image of the star in the water, and so ventures not to pluck the water-lily even in the day-time, for fear that it may prove only a reflection again. People, who have been made timid through oft deception, apprehend danger even when in company of the upright.

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

355.

Where good words will answer the end, the wise will make no resort to force; when you can allay the black bile (malign temper) by sugar, what need then of the bitter cucumber?

Hindu (Panchatantra).

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When you

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THE END OF THE MATTER.

191

The end of the matter is that the world is a vast and empty place, and that the only way to find meaning is to live it.

THE END OF THE MATTER.

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THE END OF THE MATTER.

361.

Through large intercourse with men, the wise meet both with their merits and their defects. When the gods churned the sea, they brought up both ambrosia and poison.

Hindu,—Boehlingk.

362.

As Siva does with poison, so the noble with the failings of others. He neither spews them out of his mouth, nor does he take them to his heart; but he digests them.

Hindu (Sarnghadhara Paddhati).

363.

Sweep the *snow* from thine own door: spy not at the *frost* on another's tiles.

Chinese.

364.

This spring, even by the sweet tones of the female cuckoo, and by the fragrant winds of the Malaya Mountains, kills those who are separated from their beloved. In misfortune, alas! nectar itself transmutes to poison.

Hindu (Bhartrihari).

365.

Is a man overtaken with ill-fortune, even a dwarf will heap injury upon him. Is an elephant caught and sunk in a morass, a frog will perch upon his head.

Hindu (Kavitamrtakupa).

366.

Who, now, are destitute of sight? They who do not perceive the future world. Say, say, who are the deafest? Those who do not listen to good advice.

Who is dumb? He who does not know how to say kind things at the proper time.

Hindu (Dampati'siksha and Prasnottara-Mala).

367.

If a fool hears, in a conversation of people together, good discourse and bad, he will take up for himself the bad, as the swine does filth.

If, on the other hand, the wise man hears both good and bad discourse, he will take up the good, as the swan extracts the milk from the water.

Hindu (Panchatantra).

368.

The goose and the paddy-bird are of one color, and frolic in the same pool: the goose extracts the milk from the water, and the paddy-bird drinks the mire.

Hindu (Kabir), Wilson.

369.

Beautiful is the appearance of a noble man, when he is making known to the world the fine qualities of others. The rays of the moon, when he is opening the calyx of the night-lotuses, have a doubled brightness.

Hindu (Vasavadatta).

370.

As a calf, though put among a thousand cows, finds his mother, so a deed, though done in time gone by, flies to find the doer.

Hindu (Panchatantra).

371.

The spirit of the wise attains to a higher possession even through what annoys and offends. A glowing coal will shine all the brighter by reason of the ashes.

372.

The excellent, even through intercourse with the bad, become never disloyal to their inborn character. Cuckoos, though they may dwell in companionship with cranes, never cease from their sweet notes of song.

373.

What is beautiful by nature needs no adorning. We do not have to rub down a pearl upon a polishing stone.
Hindu (Drishtanta Satka).

374.

The sandal-tree never ceases to exhale its fragrance, even when it is felled to the earth. The stately elephant, even in old age, never loses his relish for sport. The sugar-cane keeps its sweetness, carry it whither you will. A noble man, even under pressure of sharp trial, will never lose his poise and exalted character.

375.

Superior qualities of soul in a brilliant mind are exceptionally charming. A jewel shines all the more brightly when set in gold.

Hindu (Vridha Chanakya).

376.

Men of bright genius are like the keen arrow, which touches little surface, but goes deep. One of dull mind is like the stone thrown, striking the skin, but not penetrating below.

Hindu,—Boehlingk.

377.

By intercourse with the good, the bad become good; but, by converse with the bad, the good do not become like them. An earthen pot imbibes of the fragrance of the flower [it holds], but the flower the scent of the earthen, never.

Hindu (Vridha Chanakya).

378.

A pearl becomes red by the nearness of a rose, but never a rose white by contact with a pearl. 'Tis not the lower, but the more noble, that readily recognize and take home for profit the high qualities of others.

Hindu (Sanskritapathop).

379.

It is unprofitable and wasteful of life to gnaw upon a cow's horn. It wears out the teeth, and brings nothing pleasant to the taste.

Hindu (Mahabharata).

380.

Here the sound of the lute, and there the cry of lamentation and woe; here the converse of learned men, and there the wrangling of drunkards; here an

enchanting woman, and there men covered and running with leprous sores. I know not whether the essence of this world is nectar or poison.

Hindu (Bhartrihari).

381.

A mean man can never possess himself of the place of the great. No one will put a shoe in the place of the diadem.

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

382.

In the battle you will distinguish the hero, under reproach find out the noble, and in calamity the kinsman.

Hindu (Sarngadhara Paddhati).

383.

Three things are known only in the following way,—a hero in war, a friend in necessity, and a wise man in anger.

Arabic,—Long.

384.

People observe sharply the faults of eminent persons, and make no account of those of the multitude. We scrutinize closely the fabric of a costly silk, but pay no regard to the billet of wood on the fire.

Thibetan (Saskya Pandita).

385.

Stones and sticks are flung only at fruit-bearing trees.

Persian.

386.

Towers are measured by their shadow, and great men
by those who are envious of them.

Chinese.

387.

No mountain without mist ; no man of merit without
detractors.

Turkish,— Long.

388.

People who have distinguished excellences learn to
know their own quality first through others, as the eyes
take their own size and shape only in the reflection of
the mirror.

Hindu (Vasavadatta).

389.

He who quickly lays hold of the sword in his anger
will gnaw the back of his hand through sorrow.

Persian (Saadi).

390.

With a chariot having but one wheel, the charioteer
a cripple, and the horses unmated and refractory, this
resplendent god, the sun, mounts up to the plain of the
skies.

Hindu (Kavjadarca).

391.

Formerly, the year with me seemed but a day ; now,
since fortune has been adverse, it is just the contrary,—
the day seems a year.

Hindu (Kavitasmrtakupa).

392.

Fortune keeps watch that all shall occur that must happen; as brave servants watch, while their lords are unaware.

Hindu (Kathasaritsagara).

393.

What a man is to have, that he receives. Even a god cannot prevent this. Therefore, I borrow no anxiety, and feel no astonishment. What is written on the forehead can never be effaced.

Hindu (Mahanataka).

394.

The grief of the morrow is not to be eaten to-day.

Oriental,—Long.

395.

Boundless is my wealth, since I hold nothing. Mithila may go up in flames, but they consume nought that belongs to me.

Hindu (Mahabharata.

Words of Janaka, King of Mithila).

396.

He needs no other rosary, whose thread of life is strung with beads of love and thought.

Persian,—Conway.

397.

A dog's tail, softened with unguents, rubbed down and wound about with cords for twelve years, instantly it was released, sprang back to its original curl.

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

398.

A bad man never becomes transformed to a good one, treat him in whatever way you will. A Nimba-tree is never made sweet, though you should cover its roots with milk and melted butter.

Hindu (Vriddha Chanakya).

399.

The tamarind may be dried, but it loses not its acidity.

Telugu,— Long.

400.

The poison of a scorpion is in his tail, of a fly in his head ; but of a bad man, in his whole body.

Hindu,— Long.

401.

There is no malady like love, no foe like folly, no flame like anger, and no delight greater than knowledge.

Hindu (Vriddha Chanakya).

402.

The fragrance of the flower is never borne against the breeze, but the fragrance of human virtues diffuses itself everywhere.

Hindu (Ramayana).

403.

As in the flower the fragrance, in the sesame seed the oil, in wood the fire, in milk the butter, and in the cane the sugar,— so guard with thy best mind the soul in the body.

Hindu (Vriddha Chanakya).

404.

When the malevolent disparage and belittle the excellences of others, their own meanness is all the more apparent. The blackness of the clouds is all the plainer, when they interpose to veil the radiance of the moon.

405.

The attack of a base man upon the upright only heightens the clear lustre of his character; as a hand bedaubed with ashes (rubbed upon it) increases the brightness of the mirror.

Hindu (Vasavadatta).

406.

Practise a sober reserve in your conduct. By being too open and demonstrative, one exposes himself. If the monkey had not made any gambols, would they have thrown a cord over his neck?

Thibetan (Saskya Pandita).

407.

The mat-maker, although a weaver, yet is not employed in the silk manufactory.

408.

Say to the austere and uncivil bee, When you cannot afford honey, do not sting.

Persian (Saadi).

409.

How can the conceit engendered in some minds be quelled? The bird Tittibha sleeps with feet directed upward, from fear that the sky may break down.

Hindu (Panchatantra).

410.

Not even a dexterous person can ride on his own shoulder. (Spoken in reference to *petitio principii* in argument.)

Hindu (Sayana).

411.

When a man's finger is not like those of other people, he knows to feel dissatisfied ; but, if his mind is not like that of other people, he does not know to feel dissatisfied. This is called ignorance of the relative importance of things.

412.

Of all the parts of a man's body, there is none more excellent than the pupil of the eye. The pupil cannot be used to hide a man's wickedness. If within all be correct, the pupil is bright. If within all be not correct, the pupil is dull.

Listen to a man's words, and look at the pupil of his eye. How can a man conceal his character? *

413.

Never has there been one possessed of complete sincerity, who did not move others. Never has there been one who had not sincerity, who was able to move others.

Chinese (Mencius).

* "When a man speaks the truth in the spirit of truth, his eye is as clear as the heavens. When he has base ends, and speaks falsely, the eye is muddy, and sometimes asquint."—*Emerson.*

414.

They whose eating is solely for the sustaining of life, whose cohabitation is but for the sake of offspring, whose speech is only for the utterance of truth, surmount difficulties.

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

415.

If you would avoid disease, and keep clear of the doctors, make this your rule of life,—never to sit down to the table except on call of hunger, and always to rise from it while the relish is still good.

Persian (Dschami).*

416.

Though the food was another's, the mouth is your own; *i.e.*, you eat too much, and you throw the blame on the food.

Afghan,—Long.

417.

Hunger is the best sauce, and fatigue the best pillow.

Hindustanee,—Roebuck.

418.

The desire of the garden never leaves the heart of the nightingale. (The love, the thirst, inborn in the spirit, never dies out.)

Persian,—Roebuck.

*"Ascribed by him to a Hindu monarch. This king ordered that the content of his entire library, which it took a hundred camels to carry, should be summed up in four maxims. Of these, the above is one."—*Von Hammer, Redekünste, p. 338.*

419.

Great trees, as fig-trees, make shade for others, and stand themselves in the glowing heat of the sun. They bear fruits for others, not for themselves.

420.

The moon has dark spots on its surface ; Krishna is the son of a herdsman, Vasishtha of a frail one ; Jami has lame feet ; the god of Fire (Agni) rejects nothing for food ; the sea is salt ; the Pandus were begotten by paramours of their mother ; Siva carries the bones of the dead for ornament. Who, among all the dwellers in the three worlds, has not some stain or fault ?

Hindu,—Boehtlingk.

421.

I have seen, from that state where the world is viewed, that the adversity of bees is from the sweetness of their comb.

Persian (Nisami).

422.

Men of superior qualities, as a rule, must meet suffering, while men destitute of them live joyous and happy. Parrots are captured and imprisoned, and crows roam at freedom.

Hindu,—Boehtlingk.

423.

Who desires the rose must also consent to the thorn.

424.

Have in life the force of a lion, the sagacity of an elephant, and the sweetness of the lamb.

Turkish.

425.

Who stands still in mud sticks in it.

Chinese.

426.

To speak of honey will not make the mouth sweet.

Turkish.

427.

We do not cook rice by babbling.*

Chinese.

428.

The horse opens the mouth when one says "oats,"
shuts it when one says "bridle."

429.

A benefit conferred on the worthy is engraved in
stone ; on the unkind, written in water.*Tamil.*

430.

The devil tempts man, but the idle one tempts the
devil.*Turkish.*

431.

A man will not build a hut until he has been
drenched, nor stoop until he has hit his head.*Telugu.*

432.

Who can govern himself is fit to govern the world.

Chinese.

433.

The chimney never takes fire except from within.

Turkish.

* English : Soft words butter no parsnips.

434.

Patience is the key of joy, but haste is the key of sorrow.*

Arabic,—Long.

435.

A contented mind is a specific for making gold.

Tamul.

436.

When you are an anvil, be patient ; when a hammer, strike.

Arabic.

437.

Sorrow is to the soul what the worm is to the wood.†

Turkish.

438.

Who flies not high falls not low.

Chinese.

439.

A boat which is swamped at sea may be baled out, but a shipwreck of the affections is final.

Malay.

440.

A man without a friend is a left hand without the right.

Hebrew (Talmud).

441.

A single coal does not burn well ; a companionless traveller finds the journey tedious. ‡

Badaga.

* Russian Proverb: Hurry is good only for catching flies.

† Russian: Rust eats iron, care the heart.

‡ Russian: With one hand, I do not even tie a knot.

442.

Love, like a creeper, withers and dies, if it has nothing to embrace.

Bengali.

443.

When we cross one mountain, another appears.

Arabic.

444.

Mountains are smooth at a distance, and rugged when near.

Telugu.

445.

Forethought is easy, repentance is hard.

Chinese.

446.

There is no hand to catch time.

Bengali.

447.

The world has nothing constant but its instability.

Oriental.—Long.

448.

If taken to excess, even nectar is poison.

Tamul.

449.

If you engrave it too much, it will become a hole.

Malabar.

450.

Conversation on a journey is equal to a conveyance.

Tamul.

451.

Blackness leaves the coal, when the fire enters.
(Good company kindles and transforms the mind.)

Bengali.

452.

A kind reception is better than a feast.

Telugu.

453.

Sometimes a boat on a wagon [carrying on shore], and sometimes a wagon on a boat [in crossing a river]. (Individuals of different rank can help each other.)

Urdu.

454.

You may close a well, but you cannot shut the mouth of another.

Badagu.

455.

Is there any medicine for a bad temper?

Tamil.

456.

The fool is a cock which sings at the wrong time.

Turkish.

457.

You cannot drive a straight furrow without a straight eye.

Oriental,— Long.

458.

Where the mind inclines, the feet lead. Love climbs mountains.

Arabic.

459.

A stone in the shoe, a gadfly in the ear, a mote in the eye, a thorn in the foot, and a quarrel in the family, however small in themselves, are unspeakably tormenting.

Hindu (Vcmana).

460.

The rock not moved by a lever of iron will be opened by the root of a green tree.

Tamul.

461.

Vanquished by thy countenance, O fair one, the moon's disk hides away in the clouds, and the lotus-flower in the sea.

Hindu (Kivalajananda).

462.

These sweetly speaking women are friends in solitude, are fathers in matters of duty, they are mothers to those who are in distress, they are a repose to the traveller in the wilderness.

Hindu (Mahabharata).

463.

A hundred men make an encampment, and one woman makes a home.

Hindu,—R. N. Cust.

464.

A wife is half of a man's self.

Hindu (Taittiriya Brahmana).

465.

Happy union with wife and children is like the music of lutes and harps.

Chinese (Confucius).

466.

Sweet is the lute to those who have not heard the prattle of their own children.

Hindu (Cural), Conway.

467.

The house which is not occupied by children is like a cemetery.

Hindu (Brahmadharma).

468.

There are many services, but the service of parents is the root of all others. There are many charges, but charge of one's self is the root of all others.

Chinese (Mencius).

469.

Heaven is at the feet of mothers.

Persian,—Roebuck.

470.

Thine own preceptor value more
 Than teachers ten of sacred lore ;
 And, more than ten preceptors, deem
 Thy father merits thy esteem.
 But, ten times more than even thy sire,
 Thy mother dear should love inspire.
 Yea, think that she who gave thee birth
 Herself, for thee, exceeds in worth
 Whatever else exists on earth.

Hindu (Mahabharata), Muir.

471.

That male and female should dwell together *is the greatest of human relations.*

Chinese (Mencius).

472.

Out of a hundred quivers, one (arrow) hits the mark.

Persian,—Roebuck.

473.

You must be under obligations to a hundred thorns
for the sake of one rose.

Persian,—Roebuck.

474.

I have gathered something in each corner, have
gleaned an ear from every harvest.

475.

Although a discourse be captivating and sweet, com-
manding belief and admiration, yet, when you have
once delivered it, repeat it not again; for, when you
have once taken sweetmeats, it is enough.

Persian (Saadi).

476.

Although there be an immense number of forests,
few are the lands that have growth of sandal-wood.
So, though there are many wise men, the golden say-
ings are very rare.*

Thibetan (Saskya Pandita).

477.

What flowers are to gardens, spices to food, gems to
a garment, and stars to heaven,—such are proverbs in-
terwoven in speech.

Hebrew,—Long.

* Greek: The thyrsus-bearers are many, but the bacchants (the
inspired) are few.

II.

INSPIRATIONAL, POETIC,
RELIGIOUS.

THE skilful philosophers that were in the olden time had mystic communication with the Abyss.—*Lao Tszé.*

How should we not celebrate those poets whose voices, so variously rich now that they have passed away, impart delight to the very ends of the world?—*Hindu Aphorisms.*

Auf, bade, Schüler, unverdrossen
Die ird'sche Brust im Morgenroth!—*Goethe.*

THE INEFFABLE ONE.

Of that ineffable essence which we call Spirit, he that thinks most will say least. . . . When we try to define and describe himself (God), both language and thought desert us, and we are as helpless as fools and savages.—*Emerson.*

478.

THE name that can be named is not the Eternal Name. The reason which can be reasoned is not the Eternal Reason.

479.

There is an Infinite Being which existed before heaven and earth:—

How calm it is, how free!

It lives alone, it changes not.

It moves everywhere, but it never suffers.

We may look on it as the Mother of the Universe.

I know not its name.

In order to give it a title, I call it Tao (the way) (*conscience*—

When I try to give it a name, I call it Great. (*omniscient*)

After calling it Great, I call it Fugitive.

After calling it Fugitive, I call it Distant.

After calling it Distant, I say it comes back to me.

Chinese (Lao Tse).

480.

Look up at it,—it is higher than you can see! Bore into it,—it is deeper than you can penetrate! Look at it as it stands before you,—suddenly, it is behind you (*i.e.*, it cannot be grasped).

Chinese (Confucius).

481.

As the great universe has no boundary, and the eight quarters of heaven no gateway, so Supreme Reason has no limits. To measure boundless space would be difficult indeed.

Hindu (Buddha).

482.

I am all that has been, is, and shall be; and no mortal hath yet lifted my veil.

Egyptian (Isiac Inscription upon Temple at Sais).

483.

— Whose name cannot be spoken.

Hindu (Vishnu Purana).

484.

For Him whose name is Infinite Glory, there is no likeness. Not in the sight, abides his form. None behold him by the eye. They who know him dwelling in the heart and mind become immortal.

Hindu (Svetasvatara Upanishad).

485.

There is only one Being who exists
 Unmoved, yet moving swifter than the mind;
 Who far outstrips the senses, though as gods
 They strive to reach him. Who, himself at rest,
 Transcends the fleetest flight of other beings;
 Who, like the air, supports all vital action.
 He moves, yet moves not; he is far, yet near;
 He is within this universe, and yet
 Outside this universe.

The man who understands that every creature
 Exists in God alone, and thus perceives
 The unity of being, has no grief
 And no illusion. He, the all-pervading,
 Is brilliant, without body, sinewless,
 Invulnerable, pure, and undefiled
 By taint of sin. He is also all-wise,
 The ruler of the mind; above all beings,
 The self-existent.

Hindu (Isa Upanishad), Williams.

486.

As the spokes of a wheel are attached to the nave,
 so are all things attached to Life.

This Life ought to be approached with faith and reverence, and viewed as an Immensity which abides in its own glory. That Immensity extends from above and below, from behind and from before, from the south and from the north. It is the Soul of the Universe. It is God himself. The man who is conscious of this divinity incurs neither disease, nor pain, nor death.

Hindu (Chandogya Upanishad), Williams.

487.

God is Light, more resplendent than all suns.

Hindu (Upanishad), Tholuck.

488.

How, then, can they worthily extol that being, hidden by his brilliance, who melts them in his effulgence?

Persian (Desatir).

489.

That light is the shadow of something more resplendent than itself, and so on up to the Light of lights.

Persian (Desatir).

490.

That diviner Sun, hid in the golden vase of visible light.

Hindu (Yagur Veda), Conway.

491.

By him who thinks Brahma is beyond comprehension is Brahma known. He who thinks him comprehended does not know him. Known as the one nature in every thought, he is truly known.*

Hindu (Kena Upanishad).

* "This God cannot be seen, he is too bright for the sight; cannot be taken hold of, he is too ethereal for the touch; cannot be apprehended and weighed, for he is more than any of the senses; infinite, measureless, he can be known to himself alone for what he is. To us, in intellect, he is the imperial mind, and hence we worthily conceive of him when we say he is past conception. I will speak my sentiment: he who thinks he knows the greatness of God belittles it; and he who would not belittle, will not profess to know him." — *Minucius Felix, 3d Century.*

The rendering of the passage in the text is given somewhat differently, but not less forcibly, by Professor Max Müller. We append it here, with the passage following:—

"He by whom it (Brahman) is not thought, by him it is thought; he by whom it is thought knows it not. It is not understood by those who understand it: it is understood by those who do not understand it.

"It is thought to be known (as if) by awakening, and then we obtain immortality indeed. By the Self, we obtain strength; by knowledge, we obtain immortality.

"If a man knows this here, that is the true (end of life); if he

492.

The height and the depth of the whole world have their centre in thee, O my God! I do not know thee, what thou art, but I know that thou art what thou alone canst be!

Persian (Firdusi).

493.

Ah, me! so poor, can I declare that friend, who never had another friend his like,—none, therefore, who could know his soul?

Persian (Dschelaleddin Rumi).

494.

One cannot attain to it through the word, through the mind, or through the eye. It is only reached by him who says, "It is! It is!"

Hindu (Katha Upanishad).

495.

Supreme Being soars above thought and imagination. We are lost when we would comprehend or even suspect that which he is. How vain, then, to seek words worthy of that Being! Let it suffice us to adore in reverent silence!

Persian (Dschelaleddin Rumi).

496.

Owing to the greatness of the Deity, the One Soul is lauded in many ways. The different gods are members of the One Soul.

Hindu (Nirukta).

does not know this here, then there is great destruction (new births). The wise, who have thought on all things, and recognized the Self in them, become immortal when they have departed from this world."—*Sacred Books of the East, I., p. 149.*

497.

Wise poets make the beautiful-winged, though he is One, manifold by words.

498.

That which is One, the wise call it in divers manners: they call it Agni, Yama, Mâtarisvan.

Hindu (Rig Veda).

499.

All nations and languages repeat the name of God. Even infancy lisps it,—Allah, Tangari, Yezdan, Elohim. Yet cannot his praise be duly expressed by mortal, till the dumb man shall be eloquent, and stocks and stones find a voice, till the silent universe rejoices in language.

The sun sinks down in the ocean, and azure-hued vapors arise. It is Nature's incense of devotion perfuming the heavens.

Ride thou on for eternity, through the glowing heavens, mounted on thy fantasy: thou shalt not stride beyond his threshold!

Soar thou beyond all limit, to the roof of the universe: thou shalt behold one tile of his dwelling,—one tile, no more.

Persian (Enwari), Conway.

500.

He only has drunk the pure wine of unity who has forgotten, by remembering GOD, all else in both worlds.

Persian (Saadi), Sir W. Jones.

501.

Bird of the desert, learn thou love of the moth, that expires in the flame without a sigh. They who pretend to be informed are ignorant, for they who have known

Him have not yet recovered their senses. O Thou who towerest above the heights of imagination, thought, or conjecture, surpassing all that has been related, and excelling all that we have heard or read, the banquet is ended, the assembly dismissed, and life draws to a close, and we still rest in our first encomium of thee!

Persian (Saadi).

502.

The knowledge wisest men have shared
Of thy great power and thee
Is less, when with thyself compared,
Than one drop in a sea.

Persian (Sufi), Palmer.

503.

If I make the seven oceans ink, if I make the trees
my pen, if I make the earth my paper, the glory of
God cannot be written.

Hindu (Kabir).

PRESENCE.

The god who owns the oracle of the Delphian Apollo neither reveals nor conceals, but intimates, — σημαίνει, — signifies by sign or symbol.—*Heracitus.*

504.

THE visible, the invisible.

Hindu (Vishnu Purana).

505.

The ever spoken, yet never spoken.

Hindu (Buddha).

506.

The great Lord of these worlds sees as if he were near. If a man thinks he is walking by stealth, the gods know it all.

If a man stands or walks or hides, if he goes to lie down or to get up, what two people sitting together whisper,—King Varuna knows it, he is there as the third.

The earth, too, belongs to Varuna the king, and this wide sky, with its ends far apart. The two seas (sky and ocean) are Varuna's loins; he is also contained in this small drop of water.

He who should flee beyond the sky would not escape Varuna. He hath counted the twinklings of the eyes of men.

Hindu (Atharva Veda), Müller.



507.

But now again prepare thy listening ear,
 My higher nature, nobler still, to hear;
 Life of all life, prop of this earthly frame,
 Whither all creatures go, from whence they came.
 I am the Best; from me all creatures spring,
 And rest on me, like pearls upon their string;
 I am the moisture in the moving stream,
 In sun and moon the bright essential beam;
 The mystic Word* in Scripture's holy page,
 In men the vigor of their manly age.
 Sound in the air, earth's fragrant scent am I,
 Life of all living, good men's piety—
 Seed of all being, brightness in the flame;
 In the wise, wisdom; in the famous, fame.

* * * * *

I am the Father, and the fostering Nurse,
 Grandsire, and Mother of the universe;
 I am the Vedas and the mystic Word,
 The way, support, the witness, and the Lord;
 The seed am I of deathless, quickening power,
 The home of all, and mighty refuge tower;
 I warm the world, I give the freshening rain,
 Now send the showers, and now the showers restrain.
 Whatever is, and what is not, am I;

*“The sacred syllable OM, the mystic name of the Deity, prefacing all the prayers and most of the writings of the Hindus. It implies Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, the *Indian triad*, and expresses *the three in one*.”— *Griffith, Note in loco*.

Death, and the drink of immortality.

* * * * *

But those a nobler, higher blessing find,
 Who worship me with all their heart and mind;
 Me, only me, their rapt devotion knows,
 With me alone their tranced spirit glows.

Hindu (Bhagavat Gita), Griffith.

508.

'Twi't Brahma, Vishnu, Siva,— as a Puran shows,—

A grave dispute once raged, and still grew sharp and
 strong;

The question was wherefrom the solemn quarrel rose,
 To which one of the three did precedence belong.

Then Vishnu said, "If one of you, uprising fleet,
 Can soar to where my head extends in regions dim,
 Or dive so far as to discern where are my feet,
 At once I will the palm of greatness yield to him."

For fifty million years, like lightning, Brahma soared:
 For fifty million years, like lightning, Siva dived:
 But Siva could not reach where Vishnu's feet were lowered,
 And Brahma could not reach where Vishnu's head was
 hived.

At last the twain, their efforts baffled, back returned,
 And to the great Preserver paid allegiance due.
 Therefore by hosts is incense now to Vishnu burned,
 While Brahma's worshippers and Siva's are so few.

Hindu,— Alger.

509.

As spokes in the nave, so all souls are fastened in the one Soul.

Hindu (Brihad Upanishad).

510.

The world is like an eternal holy fig-tree, whose roots are above, whose branches descend. In Brahma, all worlds repose. None becomes different from this their root. The universe trembles with awe, moving within this, its supreme life.

Hindu (Katha Upanishad), S. Johnson.

511.

The radiance of God encompasses my soul, as the halo environs the disk of the moon.

Hindu (Suleiman Schikoh), Tassy.

512.

He (the man discerning and at peace) beholdeth the Supreme Soul in all things, and all things in the Supreme Soul.

Hindu (Bhagavat Gita).

513.

Thou, nearer to me than I to myself.*

Persian (Dschelaleddin Rumi).

514.

We are closer to him (man) than his neck vein.

Arabic (Koran).

* "More within us than we within ourselves."—*Giordano Bruno.*

515.

The heavens and the earth, says God, do not contain me, but in the heart of the faithful am I contained in my fulness.

Arabic (Mahomet; Tradition).

516.

Do not the grand forest trees, under which the hermits have plunged into deeps of meditation in the open air, seem to have been themselves transported by their own serene tranquillity into the divine life in God?

Hindu (Raghuvansa), S. Johnson.

517.

The Intelligent, whose body is spirit, whose form is light, whose thoughts are true, whose nature is like ether (omnipresent and invisible), from whom all works, all desires, all sweet odors and tastes proceed; He who embraces all this, who never speaks and is never surprised,—he is myself within the heart, smaller than a corn of rice, smaller than a corn of barley, smaller than a mustard seed, smaller than a canary seed or the kernel of a canary seed. He also is myself within the heart, greater than the earth, greater than the sky, greater than heaven, greater than all these worlds.

Hindu (Chandogya Upanishad), Müller.

518.

In the eye of a gnat sleeps an elephant. In a kernel of corn already lie many thousands of harvests. In yon dew-drop, as an exile, the Euphrates is banished. In that mustard-seed, thy heart, thrones the Lord, who inhabiteth immensity.

Persian (Mahmud), Alger.

519.

O heart! weak follower of the weak,
 That thou shouldst traverse land and sea,
 In this far place that God to seek
 Who long ago had come to thee!

*Persian (Dschelaleddin Rumi),
 Alger. Words ascribed to Rabia.*

520.

All the earth I'd wandered over, seeking still the beacon
 light,
 Never tarried in the day-time, never sought repose at night,
 Till I heard a reverend preacher all the mystery declare:
 Then I looked within my bosom, and 'twas shining brightly
 there.

Persian (Sufi), Palmer.

521.

The holy Nanak, on the ground one day
 Reclining, with his feet toward Mecca, lay.
 A passing Moslem priest, offended, saw,
 And, flaming for the honor of his law,
 Exclaimed, "Base infidel, thy prayers repeat!
 Towards Allah's house, how dar'st thou turn thy feet?
 Before the Moslem's shallow accents died,
 The pious but indignant Nanak cried,
 "And turn them, if thou canst, towards any spot
 Wherein the awful house of God is not."

Hindu,—Alger.

INNER PERCEPTION.

The supreme Intelligible to be apprehended with the flower of the mind.— *Chaldee? (Zoroastrian Oracles).*

522.

NONE but the bird interprets well the volume of the rose :
Not every reader of a leaf its latent import knows.

Persian (Hafiz).

523.

There is in the intellect a sacred lotus to which every breath is wafted, and wherein it is lost. He who shall contemplate this flower in the intellect, shall find it full of splendor, beyond the collective light of many moons, and near unto the Deity.

Hindu (Agni Purana), Conway.

524.

There is in thy soul a certain knowledge before which, if thou display it to mankind, they will tremble, like a branch agitated by a strong wind.

Persian (Desatir).

525.

The prophets hear in their mind voices that others never perceive, as the voices of the Peris, which, although they sound out clearly, are never apprehended by our ears.

Persian (Dschelaleddin Rumi).

526.

Yet will the wise man proclaim the divine,
He must the high thought in pictures confine.

Persian (Mahmud).

527.

These words, although perceived by the ear, are nevertheless addressed to the inner sense ; for, since the spiritual world is infinite, how can its realities be stated in speech ? A certain similitude or hint, however small, is given in speech ; but beware that you ask not more than this, since the truths of spirit can never be conveyed in language.

Persian (Asisi), Tholuck.

528.

Who has seen the first born, when he who has no bones bore him that had bones ? Where was the life, the blood, the self of the world ? Who went to ask this from any that knew it ?

529.

What was the forest, what was the tree, out of which they shaped heaven and earth ? Wise men, ask this indeed in your mind, and what he stood on when he held the worlds.

Hindu (Rig Veda).

530.

Nor aught nor naught existed : yon bright sky
Was not, nor heaven's broad roof outstretched above.
What covered all ? what sheltered ? what concealed ?
Was it the water's fathomless abyss ?

There was not death,—yet then was naught immortal;
 There was no confine betwixt day and night;
 The only One breathed breathless by itself:
 Other than it there nothing since has been.*

Hindu (Rig Veda).

531.

I intended, on arriving at this rose-bush (the sight of God), to fill my lap with flowers to present to my brethren. But, when I came there, the fragrance of the roses so intoxicated me that the skirt of my robe slipped from my hands. The tongue of that man is dulled who has known God.

Persian (Saadi).

* "One of the happiest attempts at making language reflect the colorless abstractions of the mind. Language blushes at such an expression, but her blush is a blush of triumph."—*Max Müller, Hist. Anc. Sans. Literature.*

INVOCATION.

Thy prayer-mat stain with wine, if so
The Magian's favor thou canst win;
For travellers in the land should know
The ways and customs of the inn.

—*Persian (Hafiz), Palmer.*

532.

O GOD (Indra), have mercy; give me my daily bread; sharpen my thought like a knife's edge; make me possessed of God!

Hindu (Rig Veda).

533.

Thou, even thou, art (my) mother, thou my father, thou (my) kinsman, thou (my) friend. Thou art knowledge, thou art riches. Thou art my all, O God of gods.

Hindu (Vikramacharita).

534.

Deeply do I prostrate myself before that serene Light which, bounded by no space, time, nor aught besides, is eternal, ethereal, whose consciousness is in the knowledge of itself alone.

Hindu (Bhartrihari).

535.

Thy attributes, O God, are holy, without any doubt. I abstain from comparing thee to anything else. Thou art one, and knowest no diminution; thou art subject to no disease, to thy knowledge there is no limit; thou art the first, the everlasting, and without any beginning; thou art the last and the benevolent, and without any end; thou revolvest with the cycles of time, thou never weakenest with age.

Thou hearest even the steps of the ant when, in the dark night, it walks on the black stones. Even the birds of the air praise thee in their nests; the wild beasts of the desert adore thee.

Persian (Dervish), Brown.

536.

Glory to Thee who art first the creator of the universe, next its upholder, and finally its destroyer. Glory to Thee in this threefold character.

Immeasurable, thou measurest the worlds; desiring nothing, thou art the fulfiller of desires; utterly indiscernible, thou art the cause of all that is discerned.

Thy variations are compared to those which crystal undergoes from the contact of different colors. Thou art known as abiding in our hearts, and yet remote.

Thou knowest all things, thyself unknown; sprung from thyself, thou art the source of all things; though but one, thou assumest all forms.

Who comprehends the truth regarding thee, who art unborn, *and yet becomest born*, who sleepest, and yet art awake?

The roads leading to perfection, which vary according to the different revealed systems, all end in thee, as the waves of the Ganges flow to the ocean.

Thy glory, as manifested to the senses in the earth and other objects, is yet incomprehensible. What shall be said of thyself?

As the waters exceed the ocean, and as the beams of light exceed the sun, so thy acts transcend our praises.

If this our hymn now comes to a close, after celebrating thy greatness, the reason of this is our exhaustion, our inability to say more,—not that there is any limit to thy attributes.

Hindu (Raghuvansa), Muir.



537.

Hail to thee, mighty Lord, all-potent Vishnu !
 Soul of the universe, unchangeable,
 Holy, eternal, always one in nature,
 Whether revealed as Brahma, Hari, Siva,—
 Creator, or Preserver, or Destroyer,—
 Thou art the cause of final liberation ;
 Whose form is one, yet manifold ; whose essence
 Is one, yet diverse ; sinuous, yet vast ;
 Discernible, yet undiscernible ;
 Root of the world, yet of the world composed ;
 Prop of the universe, yet more minute
 Than earth's minutest particles ; abiding
 In every creature, yet without defilement ;
 Imperishable, one with perfect wisdom.

Hindu (Vishnu Purana), Williams.

538.

Soul of the soul ! Neither thought nor reason comprehends thy essence, and no one knows thy attributes. Souls have no idea of thy being. The prophets themselves sink in the dust of thy road. Although intellect exists by thee, has it yet ever found the path of thy existence ?

O Thou who art in the interior and in the exterior of the soul, thou art and thou art not that which I say. In thy presence, reason grows dizzy ; it loses the thread that would direct it in thy way. I perceive clearly the universe in thee, and yet discover thee not in the world. All beings are marked with thy impress, but thyself hast no impress visible. Thou reservest the secret of thine existence.

Persian (Ferideddin Attar), Conway.

539.

O Thou who existest from eternity and abidest forever, sight cannot bear thy light, praise cannot express thy perfection.

Thy light melts the understanding, and thy glory baffles wisdom. To think of thee destroys reason; thy essence confounds thought.

Science is like blinding desert sand on the road to thy perfection. The town of literature is a mere hamlet compared with the world of thy knowledge.

My foot has no power to travel on this path which misleads sages. I have no power to bear the odor of this wine: it confounds my knowledge.

Man's so-called foresight and guiding reason wander about bewildered in the streets of the city of thy glory.

Human knowledge and thought combined can only spell the first letter of the alphabet of thy love.

Persian (Feisi), Conway.

540.

O God, Infinite Perfection, thine is the beauty of the worlds, their dominion thine! Thy beauty surpasses the sun; thy perfection, the universe itself. I call thee not high, neither low: I know no bound or limit to thee. Thou art highest, deepest, the inmost substance of being. Thou alone art: without thee, nought beside.

Ah, me! unworthy, how can I presume to know thee! Thou art concealed, yet revealed, manifested to the eye and heart. The world an empty tablet, thou hast inscribed thereon thy creative impress. The first word with which the great work began was Reason, and the last is Man. And whoso should recount these words

from first to last would find them the continuous register of thy favor, the names only of thy love.

Paradise is thy blooming park, the circle of the heavens thy chaplet, sun and moon the corals. And for me, long as the spheres roll in the sky, yea, forever, will I sing thy thanks and thy praise.

Persian (Dschami).

541.

Endless praise arises,
 O thou God, that liest
 Rapt on Kumla's breast,
 Happiest, holiest, highest!
 Planets are thy jewels,
 Stars thy forehead gems,
 Set like sapphires, gleaming
 On kingliest of anadems.
 Even the great gold sun-god,
 Blazing through the sky,
 Serves thee but for crest-stone.

Hindu (Jayadeva), Arnold.

542.

O Lord, whose secrets are forever veiled,
 And whose perfection knows not a beginning,
 End and beginning both are lost in thee.
 No trace of them is found in thy eternal realm.
 My words are lame, my tongue a stony tract;
 Slow wings my foot, and wide is the expanse.
 Confused are my thoughts,—but this is thy best
 praise:

In ecstasy alone I see thee face to face!

Persian (Abul Fasl), Conway.

THE SYMBOLISM AND INCARNATION.

The gods are immortal men, and men are mortal gods.—*Heraclitus*.
When I touch a human hand, I touch heaven.—*Malebranche*.

543.

THE Age (or Æon) is the day,
Eternity is the night.

Egyptian (Book of the Dead).

544.

This universe is compacted from divine and active principles,— a mutable universe from immutable ideas.*

Hindu (Manu).

545.

This universe is a drop from the ocean of his beauty, unable from its fulness to find place in the parent bosom.

Persian (Dschelaleddin Rumi).

546.

The heavens are a point from the pen of God's perfection; the earth is a bud from the bower of his beauty; the sea is a spark from the light of his wisdom, and the sky is a bubble on the sea of his power. He made mirrors of the atoms of space, and threw the reflection of his own face on every atom.

Persian.

* "Nature is a mutable cloud which is always, and never the same." — *Emerson*.

547.

Thou God art spirit, and the external world is thy name. Thou art treasure, and the totality of the universe is thy talisman.

Persian (Ferideddin Attar).

548.

He hath laid upon the brow of the clouds the rainbow for chaplet.

Persian (Hatifi).

549.

The flower-bloom of the universe well hath he made,
And set it for aye in the calyx of space.

Persian (Dschami).

550.

He has bent over upon immensity, for the tent-roof of his dwelling, the gorgeous bow of the stars.

Persian (Ferideddin Attar).

551.

The varied pictures I have drawn on space,
Behold, what fair and goodly sights they seem!
One glimpse I gave them of my glorious face,*
And, lo! 'tis now the universal theme.

Persian (Sufi).

552.

To pious minds, each verdant leaf displays
A volume teeming with the Almighty's praise.

Persian (Saadi), Alger.

* Literally, I showed them a hair's point of my tresses.

553.

Wherever I cast my eyes, I see the sward of Paradise and its crystal stream. One would say that this meadow, issuing from fires beneath, is transformed to a celestial abode. Repose thyself in this abode, close to the heavenly beauty.

Persian (Omar Kheyam), Conway.

554.

O Thou whose light manifests itself in the vesture of the world, thy names are manifested in the nature of man; thy knowledge shows itself in the science of thy prophets; thy bounty is manifested in the bounty of great hearts.

555.

The world is the image of God.

Persian (Sufi), Conway.

556.

Thou in the form of sunbeams preservest the world:
The word True denotes thy form.

Hindu (Vishnu Purana).

557.

Learn, O student, the true wisdom. See yon bush aflame with roses, like the burning bush of Moses. Listen, and thou shalt hear, if thy soul be not deaf, how from out it, soft and clear, speaks to thee the Lord Almighty.

Persian (Hafiz), Conway.

558.

Looking into a mirror, thou seest thy face given back to thee in reflection. In the image, thou canst read thy features; but it is not thou, neither is it any other being.

So does the world reflect the countenance of God ; it is not he, and yet again it is himself.*

In God as discrete person, separate and knowable, and God as the world, all things particles of him, and he their sum,—in both there is error and illusion.

In God as the unity revealed but veiled, present in seen, but transcending all,—in this is truth and life for the soul.

Persian (Mahmud).

559.

This spiritual light that illumines us is wonderful : it blends with the persons, and yet it is distinct.

Hindu (Suleiman Schikoh), Tassy.

560.

“ Tell me, gentle traveller, thou
Who hast wandered far and wide,
Seen the sweetest roses blow
And the brightest rivers glide,—
Say, of all thine eyes have seen,
Which the fairest land has been.”

“ Lady, shall I tell thee where
Nature seems most blest and fair,
Far above all climes beside ?—
'Tis where those we love abide ;
And that little spot is best
Which the loved one's foot hath pressed.

*“ It is true the natural world is only an image, but it is an image of the divine mind, and worthy of its model.”—*Plotinus.*

“ Though it be a fairy space,
 Wide and spreading is the place ;
 Though 'twere but a barren mound,
 'Twould become enchanted ground.
 With thee, yon sandy waste would seem
 The margin of Al Cawthar's * stream ;
 And thou canst make a dungeon's gloom
 A bower where new-born roses bloom.”

Persian (Dschelaeddin Rumi), Miss Costello.

561.

There is no bounty like that of giving food and drink, no hymn finer than the *Gayatri* (most sacred hymn of the Vedas), and there is no higher divinity (known) than the mother.

Hindu (Vridha Chanakya).

562.

Where woman is held in honor, there the gods are well pleased ; where she receives no honor, all holy acts are void and fruitless.

Hindu (Manu).

* Al Cawthar,—the river of Paradise.

CELEBRATION AND WORSHIP.

563.

THE SUN.

RISEN in majestic blaze,
Lo, the universe's eye,
Vast and wondrous, host of rays,
Shineth brightly in the sky.
Soul of all that moveth not,
Soul of all that moves below,
Lighteth he earth's gloomiest spot,
And the heavens are all aglow !

See ! he followeth the dawn,
Brilliant in her path above,
As a youth, by beauty drawn,
Seeks the maiden of his love.
Holy men and pious sages
Worship now the glorious sun ;
For, by rites ordained for ages,
Shall a good reward be won.

Look ! his horses, mounted high,
Good of limb, and swift and strong,
In the forehead of the sky
Run their course the heaven along.
Praises to his steeds be given,
Racing o'er the road of heaven !

Such the majesty and power,
 Such the glory of the sun,
 When he sets at evening hour
 The worker leaves his task undone ;
 His steeds are loosed, and over all
 Spreadeth night her gloomy pall.

When he rides in noontide glow,
 Blazing in the nation's sight,
 The skies his boundless glory show,
 And his majesty of light ;
 And, when he sets, his absent might
 Is felt in thickening shades of night.

Hear us, O ye gods, this day,
 Hear us graciously, we pray !
 As the sun his state begins,
 Free us from all heinous sins !
 Mitra, Varun, Aditi,
 Hear, oh, hear us graciously !
 Powers of ocean, earth, and air,
 Listen, listen to our prayer !

Hindu (Rig Veda), Griffith.

564.

Praise be on thee, amplest of stars,
 Revolving in the abundant love and greatness of God,
 Abiding in the midst of perfect order,
 Cause of whatever is produced anew, and creator of the
 seasons !

Thou, maker of the day, art most near to the lustre of God.
 Thou art a symbol of his grandeur,
 A beam of his glory.
 Thou art as a proof of him upon his servants,
 Clothing the stars with the garment of thy splendor.
 Through the medium of thy active soul, which beameth with
 glory,
 I seek him whose shadow thou art,—
 The Lord that giveth harmony to worlds,
 The limit and establisher of all,
 Light of lights!
 That he may illumine my soul with pure light, adorable
 knowledge, lofty excellence,
 And make me one of those who are nigh unto him, who are
 filled with his love!

Persian (Desatir), Conway.

565.

Behold the morning! Rise up, O youth, and quickly
 fill thyself with this rosy wine sparkling from the crys-
 tal cup of the dawn!

Persian (Omar Kheyam), Conway.

566.

Shine for us with thy best rays, thou bright Dawn,
 thou who lengthenest our life, thou the love of all,
 who givest us food, who givest us wealth in cows,
 horses, and chariots.

Thou daughter of the sky, thou high-born Dawn,
 whom the Vasishtas magnify with songs, give us riches
 high and wide. All ye gods protect us always with
 your blessings!

Hindu (Rig Veda).

567.

THE DAWN.

I.

MORNING, child of heaven, appear!
Dawn with wealth our hearts to cheer;
Thou that spreadest out the light,
Dawn with food, and glad our sight;
Gracious goddess, hear our words,
Dawn with increase of our herds!

II.

Horses, kine, all wealth have they,
Deities of early day;
All the riches they possess
That the homes of men should bless;
Morning! answer graciously!
Boundless wealth we crave of thee.

III.

She hath dwelt in heaven of old;
May we now her light behold
Which, dawning brightly from afar,
Stirreth up the harnessed car,
Like as merchant-folk, for gain,
Send their ships across the main.

IV.

Morning comes, the nurse of all,
Like a matron, at whose call
All that dwell the house within
Their appointed task begin;

Creatures frail to death she brings;
 Now each warbler shakes his wings,
 And to greet her coming sings.

V.

All that live adore her light,
 Pray to see the joyful sight.
 All good things to men she sends,
 And her cheerful brilliance lends.

VI.

Morning, shine with joyful ray,
 Drive the darkness far away,
 Bring in blessings every day!

Hindu (Rig Veda), Griffith.

568.

I celebrate the thought of the beneficent Father and the sovereign Mother, from whom all creatures have proceeded, an offspring sharing their immortality.

Hindu (Rig Veda).

569.

O Light! we invoke thee where'er thou dost shine for the eye. Both morning and night sighs the heart consumed with its love. The sun by the day, the moon for the night,— wherever beams light, I will bow me in worship and praise.

Persian (Feisi).

570.

The temple I frequent is the turkoi-vaulted dome of the sky. I sell my rosary and all the holy names around it for that wine which fills creation's cup. The earth is all enchanted ground. Thine it is, Wisdom Supreme, with its light and shadow, its ebb and flow!

Persian (Omar Kheyam), Conway.

571.

Whoso worships God under the thought, "He is the foundation," becomes founded; under the thought, "He is great," becomes great; under the thought, "He is mind," becomes wise.

Hindu (Taittiriya Upanishad).

572.

To scatter joy throughout thy whole
Surrounding world, to share men's grief,—
Such is the worship, best and chief,
Of God, the universal soul.

Hindu (Bhagavat Purana), Muir.

573.

The penance of the body is to be chaste. The penance of words is to speak always with truth and kindness. The penance of thought is to control self, to purify the soul, to be silent and disposed to benevolence.*

Hindu (Mahabharata).

* "Gifts and victims confer no honor on Divinity, nor is he adorned with offerings suspended in temples. But a soul divinely inspired solidly conjoins us with Divinity; for it is necessary that like should approach to like."—*Demophilus, Pythagorean.*

"A soul where laws, both human and divine,
In practice more than speculation shine;
A genuine virtue of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the last recesses of the mind,—
When with such offerings to the gods I come,
A cake thus given is worth a hecatomb."—*Persius.*

574.

No act of devotion can equal truth, no crime is so heinous as falsehood. In the heart where truth abides, there is my abode.

Hindu (Kabir).

575.

The different expedients in religious practice I regard as a mere raft to carry over the treasure.

Hindu (Buddha).

576.

Our fire is piety, and in it I burn the wood of duality; instead of a sheep, I sacrifice egotism. This is my *Hom* (sacrificial butter).

Persian (Dabistan).

577.

The Lord of Life (Vishnu) should not be worshipped with flowers that have faded. Those that grow in thine own garden are far better than those of any other. With the flowers gathered there must be reverence,—itself a flower.

Hindu (Agni Purana).

578.

He alone is a true Hindu whose heart is just; and he only a good Mohammedan whose life is pure.

Hindu (Dabistan; ascribed to Nanak).

579.

God will not ask a man of what race he is,—he will ask what he has done.

Hindu (Adi Granth).

580.

He who knows what life is, will seize the essence of his own: such as it is now, he will not possess it again. The travellers are hurrying on, expecting to purchase where there will be neither trade nor market.

Live according to your knowledge; fetch water for your own drinking, nor demand it from others.

The goose (man) abandons the lake, and would lodge in a water-jar. Kabir has called aloud, "Repair to your own place, nor destroy your habitation."

Hindu (Kabir).

581.

Let thy coat of mail be reason, and convert thy enemies to friends. All founders of sects are mortal. God alone endures forever. Men may read Vedas and Korans, but only in him is salvation.

Hindu (Adi Granth).

582.

By reason of my surpassing love toward God, I forget entirely Mohammed.

Persian (Ferideddin Attar. Words of Rabia).

583.

When rises the sun and chases the night,
 What need have we then of the lamp for a light?
 When the friend all beloved appears to the eye,
 What want dost thou feel that the post bring him nigh?
 But when the rose-time is past, and the rose-bloom gone by,
 Then gladly the eye seeks the water of roses to spy.
 Is the Master within to thy soul not revealed?
 Well then may'st thou turn to the Volume of message
 unsealed.

Persian (Dschelaleddin Rumi).

584.

Though one devote himself to many teachers, he must extract the essence, as the bee from flowers.

Hindu (Kapila).

585.

Books are endless, the sciences are many, time is very short, and there are many obstacles. A man should therefore seek for that which is the essence, as the swan seeks to extract the milk which is mixed with water.

Hindu (Vridha Chanakya).

586.

There are many words. Take the pith of them.

Hindu (Kabir).

587.

It would be better to be without the Shu-King than to believe every word of it.

Chinese (Mencius).

588.

Readest thou, filled with the senses' pleasures, the Koran? Ah, begin rather to read thyself than the book!

Persian (Dschelaleddin Rumi).

589.

What shall a man do with the hymns, who does not know that eternal word of the hymns in the highest heaven, that in which all the gods are absorbed?

Hindu (Svetasvatara Upanishad), Müller.

590.

They read the four Vedas and the different books of the law, but perceive the spirit as little as the ladle knows the flavor of the broth.

Hindu (Vriddha Chanakya).

591.

Without the wisdom that burns away our sins, the Vedas are nothing but men's trading-wares.

Hindu.

592.

From earth arise bright colors, scent, and food,
 To please the eye, the brain, and hunger's mood.
 Bees honey give, sweet dew the heavens shed,
 The dates from palms, and trees from seeds are bred.
 Gnawing his hand, each gardener shows despair:
 For who but He can make the world so fair?
 The sun, the moon, the Pleiades on high,—
 Thy chandeliers; thy palace roof, the sky!
 The rose from thorns, and musk from bags He brings;
 Gold from the mines, a leaf from dry wood springs.
 His *own* hand drew thine eye and brow so fair;
 A friend one cannot leave to other's care.
 That mighty One, who hath so cherished thee
 With blessings varied as the colored sea,—
 In praising him, our lives we ought to spend:
 Our tongues can't count his virtues without end.
 O God! my heart is blood, sore wounds mine eyes:
 For, lo! I see thy praise beyond me lies,

I say not beasts and ants and flies thee praise,
 But angel hosts, amazed, their hands upraise !
 Although by all the world thy praise is rung,
 Ten thousand thousands yet remain unsung.
 Saadi, depart ! thy pen and paper quit ;
 Take not that road which has no end to it !

Persian (Saadi), Strong.

593.

Unroll this law, and it fills the universe ; roll it up,
 and it retires and lies hid in mysteriousness. The rel-
 ish of it is inexhaustible. Explored with joy, fulfilled
 to life's end, it can never be spent.

Chinese (Tsze-tsze, grandson of Confucius).

594.

As birds are made to fly and rivers to run, so the
 soul to follow duty.

Hindu (Ramayana).

ETHICAL.

595.

ONLY the foolish ask, Is this one of us, or an outside person? To the noble, the whole world is a family.*

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

596.

His (the superior man's) actions are such as he would have rendered to himself again.

Chinese (Lao Tsze).

597.

What you do not want done to yourself, do not do to others.

598.

When you are laboring for others, let it be with the same zeal as if it were for yourself.

Chinese (Confucius).

599.

As life is dear to one's self, so also are those of all beings. On account of the resemblance to themselves, the good exercise compassion towards all living beings.

He who looks on the wife of another as a mother, on the goods of another as a clod of earth, and on all creatures as himself, is a wise man.

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

* "The entire air may be crossed by an eagle; and the entire earth is a native country for the noble man." — *Euripides.*

600.

Hear the sum of righteousness, and, when thou hast heard, ponder it: Do not to others what would be repugnant to thyself.

Hindu (Panchatantra).

601.

Do not unto another what thou wouldst not have another do unto thee. This is the whole law; the rest is mere commentary.

Do not judge thy neighbor until thou hast stood in his place.*

Hebrew (Hillel).

602.

Do not force on thy neighbor a hat that hurts thine own head.

Hindu.

603.

The true merchandise of merchants is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own.

Hindu (Cural II.), Conway.

604.

Recompense injury with kindness.

Chinese (Lao Tszé).

*"Such as you wish your neighbor to be to you, such also be to your neighbor." — *Sextus, Pythagorean (supposed B.C.)*.

"To do well by all the world, we ought to put ourselves in place of each particular, and imagine that he is we, and we are he." — *Hierocles, Pythagorean, 5th Century*.

"How ought we to treat our friends? As we wish them to treat us." — *Aristotle, 4th Century B.C.*

"What thou takest ill in thy neighbor, do not thyself." — *Pittacus, about 600 B.C.*

605.

The good I would meet with goodness. The not-good I would meet with goodness, also. The faithful I would meet with faith. The not-faithful I would meet with faith. Virtue is faithful.

Chinese (Lao Tsue).

606.

What virtue is there in the goodness of the man who is good to his benefactors? He only who is good to those who do him wrong, is called good by the virtuous.

Hindu (Panchatantra).

607.

The good show pity even to worthless beings. The moon withholds not its light from the hovel of the out-cast.

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

608.

By kindness, overcome ill-will; by good, evil; by generosity, meanness; by openness and truth, falsehood.*

Hindu (Buddha).

609.

A return of good for good is a slight reciprocity; but the true recompense is to confer benefits on him who has injured thee.

Persian (Saadi).

* This passage from the Dhammapadam is paralleled by one in the Mahabharata (perhaps earlier than the Dhammapadam), the same in sentiment and very like in expression,—“Let a man conquer anger with calmness, a bad man by goodness, a niggard by generosity, and falsehood by truth”—*Mahab.*, v. 1518.

610.

A good man, who regards the welfare of others, does not show enmity even when he is being destroyed. Even when it is being cut down, the sandal-tree imparts fragrance to the edge of the axe.

Hindu (Subhashitarnava).

611.

To do no evil even to enemies will be called the chief of virtues.

Hindu (Cural), Conway.

612.

It is the determination of the spotless not to do evil in return to those who have done evil to them.

The punishment of those who have done you evil is to put them to shame by showing great kindness to them.

What benefit has he derived from his knowledge who does not endeavor to keep off pain from another as much as from himself?

If a man in the morning seeks sorrow for another, in the evening sorrow will visit him unsought.

Hindu (Cural II.), Conway.

613.

What wonder is it that noble men think only of the service they may render to others? Sandal-trees thrive and grow, but not for themselves. They yield their cooling medicines to man.

Hindu,—Boehlingk.

614.

The tree bears not fruit for itself, nor for itself does the stream collect its waters. For the benefit of others alone does the sage assume a bodily shape.

Hindu (Kabir), Wilson.

615.

To bear with those who revile us, even as the earth bears with those who dig it, is the first of virtues.

Bear, even when you can retaliate ; to forget is far better.

To neglect hospitality is poverty of poverty. To bear with the ignorant is might of might.

If others wrong you, compassion for their affliction should keep you from harming them.

No pious abstinence equals the abstinence of those who overcome injury by patience.

Hindu (Cural), Conway.

616.

The prophet said, "Fair is the dwelling-place of those who have bridled anger, and forgiven their adversaries. Return good for evil."

Mussulman,— Conway.

617.

Let us be like trees, that yield their fruit to those who throw stones at them.

Persian (Dschelaleddin Rumi).

618.

Oppose kindness to perverseness. The sharp sword will not cut soft silk. By using sweet words and gentleness, you may lead an elephant with a hair.

Persian (Saadi).

619.

A friend is one who, ranked among his foes
By him he loves, and stoned and beat with blows,
Will still remain as friendly as before,
And to his friendship only add the more.

Persian (Dschami), Alger.

620.

Learn from yon orient shell to love thy foe,
 And store with pearls the hand that brings thee woe:
 Free, like yon rock, from base vindictive pride,
 Imblaze with gems the wrist that tears thy side.
 Mark where yon tree rewards the stony shower
 With fruit nectareous, or the balmy flower.
 All nature calls aloud: shall man do less
 Than heal the smiter and the railer bless?

Persian (Hafiz), Sir W. Jones.

621.

To honor father and mother, to provide for wife and child, and to follow a blameless vocation,—these are excellences.

Hindu (Buddha), Conway.

622.

The portrait of a father is to strangers but a picture; but for a son it is a book which teaches him his duties.

They are happy who can return to their father and mother the care they received from them in infancy. Still more happy they who can return to them their smiles and caresses, and feel the same love. Old age is sometimes a second childhood: why may not filial piety repeat parental love?

Chinese.

623.

As far and wide the vernal breeze
 Sweet odors wafts from blooming trees,
 So, too, the grateful savor speeds
 To distant lands of virtuous deeds.

Hindu (Taittiriya Aranyaka), Muir.

624.

Even in a forest, evils prevail over the passionate, whilst, in a house, the restraining of the five senses is a doing penance. The house of him who, doing penance, is occupied in irreproachable acts, is as a forest consecrated to devotion.

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

625.

Vishnu asked Bal to take his choice,—
 With five wise men to visit hell,
 Or with five ignorant visit heaven.
 Then quick did Bal in heart rejoice,
 And chose in hell with the wise to dwell:
 For heaven is hell, with folly's bell,
 And hell is heaven, with wisdom's leaven.

Hindu,—Alger.

626.

Doing no injury to any creature, build up virtue as do the ants their hill, that you may have a companion in your journey to the other world.

627.

The only firm friend that follows man after death is justice: all others are extinct with the body.

Single is each man born, single he dies; single he receives the reward of his good, and single the punishment of his evil deeds.

Continually, therefore, let him collect virtue, for the sake of securing an inseparable companion; since, with virtue for his guide, he will traverse a gloom how hard to be traversed!

Hindu (Manu).

628.

Wouldst the honey still taste, while afraid of the bee?
 Wouldst the victor's crown wear, without knowing the terrible fight?
 Could the diver get the pearls that repose in the depth of the sea,
 If he stood on the shore, from the crocodile shrinking in fright?
 With unfaltering toil, thou must seek what the Fates have decreed
 May be won, and courageously pluck for thyself the bright meed.

Persian,—Alger.

629.

The dragon-toothed thorn in the garden
 A sting like a scorpion's shows;
 He hath placed it there as a warden,
 To watch o'er the delicate rose.
 The honey, delicious in flavor,
 He teacheth the bee to secrete,
 And joineth with infinite favor
 The sting and the sweet.

Persian (Enwari), Conway.

630.

A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world. When he dies, mortals will ask what property he has left behind him; but angels will inquire, "What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?"

Arabic (Mahomet; Tradition), Conway.

631.

Friends, kinsfolk, and dear ones salute him who, far-travelled, returns home safe. So the good deeds done welcome him who, going from this world, enters the other.

Hindu (Buddha).

632.

As surely as the pebble cast heavenward abides not there, but returns to the earth, so, proportionate to thy deed, good or ill, will the desire of thy heart be meted out to thee, in whatever form or world thou shalt enter.

Hindu (Buddha ; Singhalese), Conway.

633.

In a region of bleak cold wandered a soul which had departed from the earth ; and there stood before him a hideous woman, profligate and deformed. "Who art thou?" he cried. "Who art thou, than whom no demon could be more foul or horrible?" To him she answered, "I am thy own actions."

634.

And there met him (the departed one in the groves of Paradise) a beautiful maiden, whose form and face were charming to heart and soul. To her he said, "Who art thou, in comparison with whom none so fair was ever seen by me in the land of the living?" The maiden replied, "O youth, I am thy actions."*

Persian (Arda Viraf).

* "Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

— *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

635.

Shall He who, when I lay in the womb of my mother,
was providing milk for my support, fall asleep or be-
come insensible to the care of me in after-life ?

Hindu (Sarngadhara Paddhati).

636.

Be not anxious for subsistence,— it is provided by the
Maker. When the child is born, the mother's breasts
flow with milk. He by whom swans are made white,
and parrots green, and peacocks variegated, will also
feed thee.*

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

637.

God, who gives teeth, also gives bread.

Persian,— Roebuck.

638.

For every grass-blade its drop of dew.

Chinese.

639.

Thou thinkest, "I am alone." Thou knowest not the
ancient sage seated within thy heart, who is cognizant
of sinful acts. In his presence, thou committest sin.

Hindu (Mahabharata).

*Mr. Arnold's versification of this is neat and graceful:—

"For thy bread be not o'erthoughtful,—God for all hath taken
thought:

When the babe is born, the sweet milk to the mother's breast is
brought.

He who gave the swan her silver, and the hawk her plumes of
pride,

And his purples to the peacock,— he will verily provide."

— *Book of Good Counsels*, p. 35.

640.

There is a mirror in the heart, but the face is not visible in it : then only will the face be reflected there when doubleness of heart shall disappear.

When the master is blind, what is to become of the scholar? When the blind leads the blind, both will fall into the well.

The crowd has taken the road travelled by the Pandit. Kabir has ascended the steep defile where lies the abode of Ram (God).

Hindu (Kabir), Wilson.

641.

One hour's meditation is preferable to seventy years of exterior worship.

Arabic (Mahomet).

642.

Without knowledge there is no meditation, without meditation there is no knowledge : he who has knowledge and meditation is near unto Nirvâna.

643.

Let each man make himself as he teaches others to be. He who is well subdued may subdue (others) : one's own self is difficult to subdue.

Hindu (Buddha).

644.

I read, on the porch of a palace bold,
In a purple tablet letters cast :
" A house, though a million winters old,
A house of earth comes down at last :
Then quarry thy stones from the crystal All,
And build the dome that shall not fall."

Persian (Ibn Jemin), Emerson.

UNIVERSALITY.

645.

WHEN the time of reflection comes, and men shake off the the prejudices of their education, the threads of the web of religious blindness break, and the eye sees the glory of harmoniousness.

Persian (Abul Fasl).

646.

Diversity of worship has divided the human race into seventy-two nations. From among all their dogmas, I have selected one,— Divine Love.

Persian (Omar Kheyam).

647.

Though we may each look out of different windows, we all see the same one great sun, source of light and warmth.

Persian (Dervish), Brown.

648.

Kine are of divers colors, but all milk is alike. Altar flowers are of many species, but all worship is one. Systems of faith are different, but God is one.

Hindu (Vemana), Conway.

649.

As water from the glasses is all poured into one vessel, so all the praises are mingled together. Since He that is celebrated is wholly one, all religions form but one religion.

Persian (Dschelaleddin Rumi).

650.

The object of all religions is alike. All men seek their beloved, and all the world is love's dwelling. Why talk of a mosque or a church?

Persian (Hafiz), Conway.

651.

I have indeed risen so near to the Divine that the declaration,

“Who comes towards me an inch, through doubtings dim,
In blazing light do I approach a yard towards him,”

has applied to me. What, then, have I to do with the temple?

Persian (Ferideddin Attar. Words ascribed to Rabia).

652.

The compass only serves to direct the prayers of those who are outside of the Caaba, whilst within it no one knows the use of it.

Persian (Dschelaleddin Rumi), Brown.

653.

Take an example from the roses,
Which live direct on sun and dew :
They never question after Moses,
And why, in heaven's name, should you?

Persian (Hafiz), Alger.

654.

Four travellers,—a Turk, an Arab, a Persian, and a Greek,—having met together, decided to take their meal in common ; and, as each had but ten paras, they con-

sulted together as to what should be purchased with the money. The first said *Uzum*, the second *Ineb*, the third decided in favor of *Inghur*, and the fourth insisted upon *Stafllion*. On this, a dispute arose between them, and they were about to come to blows, when a peasant, passing by, happened to know all four of their tongues, and brought them a basket of grapes. They now found out, greatly to their astonishment, that each one had what he desired.

Persian (Sufi), Brown.

655.

The catholic-minded man regards them (the teachings of the three sects) as embodying the same truths. The narrow-minded man observes only their differences.

Chinese (Wu-tsing-tsze), Beal.

656.

To him who on these pinions has risen and soared away to the throne of the Highest, all religions are like. Christians, Moslems, Guebers, and Jews,—they all adore Him in their several way and form; but this form itself is a veil intervening to shade and conceal the face of the Eternal One,—veil that lifts only to the seer who is initiated into the higher mysteries of the divine love. Love and Religion flow into one with their source, worshipper with the worshipped. The divine part of man returns to the eternal sun-fountain whence it sprang. It lays off the human, sinks and dwells in the deeps of the godhead. God becomes man, and man God.

Persian (Dschami), Von Hammer.

657.

The Hindu fasts every eleventh day; the Mussulman, during the Ramazan. Who formed the remaining months, that you should venerate but one? If the Creator dwell in tabernacles, whose residence is the universe?

Hindu (Kabir).

658.

O brothers, Mecca is in front, and robbers in the rear. By proceeding, we escape; and, if we sleep, we die.

Persian (Saadi).

THE BEAUTY, PERSONAL AND SEEN.

659.

A POET, attempting to sing of thy charms,
Sank into the sea of astonishment's arms,
Till thought disappeared in bewildered alarms.
At last, the small shell of one verse from the sand
He plucked, and succeeded in reaching the strand,
To lay his sole pearl in thy beautiful hand.

660.

Zuleika's eyes are suns : whoever look on these,
Whate'er their faith before, at once become Parsees.

Persian,— Alger.

661.

This Mahrab has a daughter brighter far
And still more radiant than orient star :
Tall as the sabin-tree, and how divinely fair !
As ivory, spotless, all her beauties are.
The sweets of Paradise around her blow,
Her charms irradiate with a celestial glow ;
Her musky locks in graceful ringlets play,
Charm every sense, and steal the soul away ;

Or clustering meshes, blooming beauties shade,
 Weave round the heart, to instant love betrayed.
 In even rows, her well-ranged teeth appear :
 No fair white rose more delicately clear.
 Nor the narcissus, which florists highly prize,
 Equals the beaming lustre of her eyes ;
 The eyelash, raven black, in graceful fall,
 Adds to its radiance, while it shades the ball.
 She's all Elysium ! How by fortune blest
 Will that man be who captivates her breast !

Persian (Firdusi), Gul-Chin.

662.

So shines her picture from afar,
 The sweetheart of Shemselnihar :
 Her eyes are suns, her mouth betrays
 The Pleiades' bewitching rays ;
 The full moon, rising curved and fair,
 Cannot with her fine curves compare ;
 Her radiant form, so uncontrolled,
 Is Beauty's proper type and mould ;
 And all she does and all she saith
 Is sweeter than the zephyr's breath.

Arabic,—J. Benton.

663.

Wherever, Zuleika, thou comest, breaks the night into day.
 Enslaved by thy form, I have gone through the world with
 my lute ;
 The charm of thy ringlets would lead even the devil astray ;

The cherubim gaze on thy face in astonishment mute.
Where love unto full contemplation thy beauty unfurled,
There stood the sweet springe into which flew at once the
whole world.

Persian,—Alger.

664.

Now beauty's prime, that craves no artful aid,
Ripened the loveliness of that young maid,
That needs no wine to fire the captive heart,—
The bow of Love without his flowery dart.
There was a glory beaming from her face,
With love's own light, and every youthful grace:
Ne'er had the painter's skilful hand portrayed
A lovelier picture than that gentle maid;
Ne'er sun-kissed lily more divinely fair
Unclosed her beauty to the morning air.
Bright as a lotus, springing where she trod,
Her glowing feet shed radiance o'er the sod.
That arching neck, the step, the glance aside,
The proud swans taught her as they stemmed the tide;
Whilst of the maiden they would fondly learn
Her anklet's pleasant music in return.
When the Almighty Maker first began
The marvellous beauty of that child to plan,
In full, fair symmetry, each rounded limb
Grew neatly fashioned and approved by him:
The rest was faultless, for the artist's care
Formed each young charm most excellently fair,
As if his moulding hand would fain express

The visible type of perfect loveliness.

* * * * *

The strings of pearl across her bosom thrown
 Increased its beauty and enhanced their own,*
 Her breast, her jewels, seeming to agree,
 The adorning now, and now the adorned, to be.
 When BEAUTY gazes on the fair, full moon,
 No lotus charms her, for it blooms at noon:
 If on that flower she feed her raptured eye,
 No moon is shining from the mid-day sky:
 She looked on Uma's face, more heavenly fair,
 And found their glories both united there.
 The loveliest flower that ever opened yet
 Laid in the fairest branch, a fair pearl set
 In richest coral, with her smile might vie,—
 Flashing through lips bright with their rosy dye.
 And when she spoke, upon the maiden's tongue,
 Distilling nectar, such rare accents hung,
 The sweetest note that e'er the koil † poured
 Seemed harsh and tuneless as a jarring chord.
 The melting glance of that soft liquid eye,

* "Then, too, the pearl from out its shell
 Unsightly, in the sunless sea
 (As 'twere a spirit, forced to dwell
 In form unlovely) *was set free,*
 And round the neck of woman threw
A light it lent and borrowed too."

— Moore, "*Loves of the Angels.*"

† The *Kokila*, or Koil, the black or Indian cuckoo, is the bulbul or nightingale of Hindustan.

Tremulous like lilies when the breezes sigh,—
 Which learnt it first, so winning and so mild,
 The gentle fawn, or Mena's gentler child?
 And, oh, the arching of her brow! so fine
 Was the rare beauty of its pencilled line,
 LOVE gazed upon her forehead in despair,
 And spurned the bow he once esteemed so fair.
 Her long bright tresses, too, might shame the pride
 Of envious yaks who roamed the mountain-side.
 Surely the Maker's care had been to bring
 From nature's store each sweetest, loveliest thing,
 As if the world's Creator would behold
 All beauty centred in a single mould.

Hindu (Kumara Sambhava), Griffith.

665.

She is woven and wrought of elements like the azure
 bright. No sorrow e'er touched the sweet cheer of her
 heart.

But thou, O my soul, that wast woven and made up
 of sorrow alone, how dar'st thou to hope such a heart
 can e'er accept thee its own?

666.

He who gave the blackness to thy jetty hair devised
 thereby the night. He who drenched thy face with radi-
 ant light did make thereby the day.

Persian,—Rückert.

667.

Has the spring come? The meadows,— do they glow
with their green? Far and wide roved my eyes in anx-
ious search, but no traces they descried, my loved one,
of thee. No, the meadows are not green, the spring
has not come.

668.

By thy grace and thy youth,
To be queen wert thou fashioned and born;
By thy sweetness and truth,
To be queen wert thou chosen and sworn.
To obey and to serve thee for throne,
Let all hearts stand forever thine own.
Let the beams of the soul's burning thought
Be the gems that bestud thy bright crown.

Persian,—Rückert.

669.

'Tis a deep charm which wakes the lover's flame,
Not ruby lip nor verdant down its name.
Beauty is not the eye, lock, cheek, and mole,—
A thousand subtle points the heart control.

Persian (Hafiz).

670.

And this shadowed earthly love,
In the twilight of the grove,
Dance and song and soft caresses,
Meeting looks and tangled tresses,
Jayadev the same hath writ,

That ye might have gain of it,
Sagely its deep sense conceiving,
And its inner light believing ;
How that Love, the mighty master,
Lord of all the stars that cluster
In the sky, swiftest and slowest,
Manifests himself to mortals,
Winning them toward the portals
Of his secret house, the gates
Of that bright Paradise which waits
The wise in love. Ah, human creatures !
Even your fantasies are teachers.
Mighty love makes sweet in seeming
Even Krishna's woodland dreaming.
Mighty love sways all alike
From self to selflessness. Oh ! strike
From your eyes the veil, and see
What love willeth him to be
Who, in error, but in grace,
Sitteth with that lotus-face,
And those eyes, whose rays of heaven
Unto phantom eyes are given ;
Holding feasts of foolish mirth
With these visions of the earth :
Learning love, and love imparting,
Yet with sense of loss upstarting,—

For the cloud that veils the fountains
Underneath the Sandal mountains,

How — as if the sunshine drew
All its being to the blue —
It takes flight, and seeks to rise
High into the purer skies,
High into the snow and frost
On the shining summits lost!
Ah! and how the koil's strain
Smites the traveller with pain,
When the mango blooms in spring,
And "Kohoo, kohoo!" they sing,—
Pain of pleasures not yet won,
Pain of journeys not yet done,
Pain of toiling without gaining,
Pain 'mid gladness of still paining.

Hindu (Gita Govinda), Arnold.

THE BEAUTY UNSEEN.

That wondrous pattern, whatso'er it be,
Whether in earth laid up in secret store,
Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
With sinful eyes, for fear it to deflore,
Is *perfect beauty*, which all men adore.
Whose face and feature doth so much excel
All mortal sense that none the same may tell.

—*Spenser*.

The high and divine beauty, which can be loved without effeminacy.—*Emerson*.

671.

WHEN exhaling with fragrance these locks * are unfolded,
Then is filled with belief the whole world of mankind.
When these all together infolded do lie,
The world perishes then in the night of its doubt.

Persian (Mahmud).

672.

“A husband is loved, not because you love the husband, but because you love in him the Divine Spirit (Atman, the Absolute Self).

“A wife is loved, not because we love the wife, but because we love in her the Divine Spirit. Children are

* “‘Ringlets of curls’ is one of the appellations employed by the mystics, Sufis, to describe the divine mysteries, radiant with beauty, ravishing with delight, holding the soul in a sweet bondage, and betimes intoxicating, transporting it with visions of the inner and eternal. ‘For they only are free,’ says Hafiz, ‘who are chained in sweet bondage to thee.’”—See *Tholuck's “Sufism,”* p. 305.

loved, not because we love the children, but because we love the Divine Spirit in them.

“The Divine Spirit, O beloved wife, is to be seen, to be heard, to be perceived, and to be meditated upon. If we see, hear, perceive, and know him, O Maitreyi, then this whole universe is known to us.”

Having said this, Yajnavalkya left his wife forever, and went into the solitude of the forest.

Hindu (Brihad Upanishad).

673.

Go the road upon which no foot-track is,
View the beauty that transcends all vision;
Learn the knowledge speech cannot tell,
Drink the wine mouth doth not quaff.

Persian (Nisami).

674.

The beauty of woman is a ray, not of the object we are drawn to love, but of God. The mystic looks upon the face of the divine beauty, in the manifestation of every individual nature, and loves, since he sees in this beauty the revelation of the divine name.*

Turkish (Sururi).

675.

Let a face in the hundreds of mirrors be shewn,
And beam back in a hundred reflections so bright,
It remains in all forms and expressions but one.
So the brows and the eyes thou beholdest on earth

*“Steering a mid course between the pantheism of India, on the one hand, and the deism of the Koran on the other, the Sufis’ cult is the religion of beauty, where heavenly perfection is considered under the imperfect type of earthly loveliness.”—*Palmer, “Oriental Mysticism.”*

Are in all and in each nothing else than Himself.
 Let thy eye ever steadfastly look on the faces so fair,
 Thou shalt find there the ray and eye-beam of the beauty
 unseen:*

These fairies of earth are the objects of vision in sense ;
 Moasi is lost in the deeps of contemplative sight.

Persian (Moasi).

676.

But Majnun's love was not of earth,
 Glowing with heavenly truth forever ;
 An earthly object raised the flame,
 But 'twas from Heaven the inspiration came.

Persian (Nisami).

677.

At midnight, she (Rabia) was accustomed to ascend
 to the roof of the house, and exclaim, "O my God, the
 bustle of the day now is still, and the maiden in secret
 chamber rejoices in the caresses of her beloved ; but I,
 lone, rejoice in companionship with thee : for thou art
 my veritable loved one.

Arabic (Ibn Chalican).

678.

I am consumed by a wound in my breast, that can
 never be healed but by union with my beloved. I
 shall pine till, in the last day, I reach the goal.

Persian (Ferideddin Attar. Words ascribed to Rabia).

*Literally, "of the friend."

679.

For loved and lover are not but by Thee,
 Nor beauty,—mortal beauty, but the veil
 Thy heavenly hides behind, and from itself
 Feeds, and our hearts yearn after as a bride
 That glances past us veiled,—but ever so
 That none the veil from what it hides may know.

I would be

Thy lover, and thine only — I, mine eyes
 Sealed in the light of thee to all but thee,
 Yea, in the revelation of thyself,
 Lost to myself and all that self is not
 Within the double world that is but one.
 Thou lurkest under all the forms of thought,
 Under the form of all created things ;
 Look where I may, still nothing I discern
 But thee throughout this universe, wherein
 Thyself thou dost reflect, and, through those eyes
 Of him whom MAN thou madest, scrutinize.

Persian (Dschami).

680.

A being formed like thee, of clay,
 Destroys thy peace from day to day,
 Excites thy waking hours with pain,
 Consumes thy sleep with visions vain.
 Thy mind is rapt, thy sense betrayed,
 Thy head upon her foot is laid.
 The teeming earth, the glowing sky,
 Is nothing to her faintest sigh.

Thine eye sees only her, thy heart
 Feels only her in every part.
 Careless of censure, restless, lost,
 By ceaseless wild emotions tost;
 If she demand thy soul, 'tis given,—
 She is thy life, thy death, thy heaven.

Since a vain passion, based on air,
 Subdues thee with a power so rare,
 How canst thou marvel those who stray
 Towards the true path are led away
 Till, scarce the goal they can descry,
 Whelmed in adoring mystery?

Life they regard not, for they live
 In *Him* whose hands all being give.
 The world they quit for Him who made
 Its wondrous light, its wondrous shade:
 For him all pleasures they resign,
 And love him with a love divine.

On the *cup-bearer* gazing still,
 The cup they break, the wine they spill.
 From endless time their ears have rung
 With words by angel voices sung.
 "Art thou not bound to God?" they cry;
 And the blest "Yes!"* whole hosts reply.

* "The modern Sufis, who profess a belief in the Koran, suppose, with great sublimity both of thought and diction, *an express contract on the day of eternity without beginning*, between the assemblage of created spirits and the Supreme Soul from which they were detached, when a celestial voice pronounced these words, ad-

So fair *He* seems all things who made,
 The forms he makes to them are shade ;
 And, if a beauteous shape they view,
 'Tis His reflection shining through.

The wise cast not the pearl away,
 Charmed with the shell, whose hues are gay ;
 To him pure love is only known
 Who leaves both worlds for God alone.

Persian (Hafiz), Miss Costello.

681.

My soul is as a sacred bird, the highest Heaven its nest :
 Fretting within the body's bars, it finds on earth no rest.
 When, speeding from the dusty heap, this bird of mine shall
 soar,
 'Twill find upon yon lofty gate the nest it had before.
 The Sidrah * shall receive my bird, when it has winged its
 way :
 Know on the Empyrean's top my falcon's foot shall stay.
 Over the ample field of earth is fortune's shadow cast,
 Where, upon wings and pennons borne, this bird of mine
 has passed.
 No spot in the two worlds it owns, above the sphere its goal :
 Its body from the quarry is, from No-place is its soul.

dressed to each spirit separately : 'Art thou not with the Lord?' that is, Art thou not bound by a solemn contract with him? And all the spirits answered with one voice, 'Yes.' Hence it is that *Alist*, or Art thou not? and *Beli*, or Yes, incessantly occur in the mystical verses of the Persian and of the Turkish poets who imitate them as the Romans imitate the Greeks."—*Sir William Jones.*

* Sidrah, tree of Paradise.

'Tis only in the glorious world my bird its splendor shows ;
The rosy bower of Paradise its daily food bestows.*

Mad Hafiz, while the unity
Thou thus proclaim'st in brief,
Draw thou the unifying pen
Through men and genii's leaf. †

Persian (Hafiz), Bicknell.

*Mr. Emerson's rendering (from Von Hammer, it is presumed) presents some differences from the above in the sense, as it would of course, in the form. We append it here :—

“My phenix long ago secured
His nest in the sky-vault's cope ;
In the body's cage immured,
He was weary of life's hope.

“Round and round this heap of ashes
Now flies the bird amain ;
But in the odorous niche of heaven
Nestles the bird again.

“Once flies he upward, he will perch
On Tuba's golden bough ;
His home is on that fruited arch
Which cools the blest below.

“If over this world of ours
His wings my phenix spread,
How gracious falls on land and sea
The soul-refreshing shade !

“Either world inhabits he,
Sees oft below him planets roll ;
His body is all of air compact,
Of Allah's love his soul.”

† Recognize no existence but that of God. Regarding men and genii as a leaf or two pages, erase them both.

682.

The *Gita Govinda*, or *Song of the Divine Herdsman*, is a little pastoral drama, that tells in mystic symbolism the loves of the soul, the lapse, the recovery and return to the bosom of the infinite Truth and Beauty. Its date cannot be accurately fixed, but it is supposed to belong to about the twelfth century of our era.

"As Krishna, faithless for a time, discovers the vanity of all other loves, and returns with sorrow and longing to his own darling Rádhá, so the human soul, after a brief and frantic attachment to objects of sense, burns to return to the God from whence it came: 'from its original instinct, it vergeth toward him as its centre, and can have no rest till it be fixed on him.'"*

Persons of the Drama.

KRISHNA.

NANDA, a herdsman, foster-father of KRISHNA.

RADHA.

DAMSEL, attendant on RADHA.

SHEPHERDESSES, beloved by KRISHNA.

NANDA.

"Go, gentle Rádhá, seek thy fearful love;
Dusk are the woodlands, black the sky above:
Bring thy dear wanderer home, and bid him rest
His weary head upon thy faithful breast."

Through tangled bushes, 'neath the forest shade,
In anxious search the love-lorn Rádhá strayed.
"Cease," cried a pitying maiden, "cease thy care,
Nor seek him further: for thy love is there!"

DAMSEL (*sings*).

"In this love-tide of spring, when the amorous breeze
Has kissed itself sweet on the beautiful trees,

* Griffith's *Specimens of Old Indian Poetry*; the quotation from Dr. Barrow.

And the humming of numberless bees, as they throng
 To the blossoming shrubs, swells the kokila's * song,—
 In this love-tide of spring, when the spirit is glad,
 And the parted — yes, only the parted — are sad,
 Thy lover, thy Krishna, is dancing in glee
 With troops of young maidens, forgetful of thee.

“The season is come when the desolate bride
 Would woo with laments her dear lord to her side,
 When the rich-laden stems of the vakul bend low
 'Neath the clustering flowers in the pride of their glow;
 In this love-tide of spring, when the spirit is glad,
 And the parted — yes, only the parted — are sad,
 Thy lover, thy Krishna, is dancing in glee
 With troops of young maidens, forgetful of thee.

“Dispensing rich odors, the sweet MádHAVI
 With its lover-like wreathings encircles the tree.
 And, oh! e'en a hermit must yield to the power,
 The ravishing scent of the Mallika flower.
 In this love-tide of spring, when the spirit is glad,
 And the parted — and none but the parted — are sad,
 Thine own, thy dear Krishna, is dancing in glee.
 He loves his fair partners, and thinks not of thee.”

The damsel pointed where she saw him stand,
 All wild with love, and drunk with wanton bliss,
 Wooing, caressing each young dancer's hand,
 With many a glance, with many an eager kiss.

*Cuckoo.

[*She sings.*]

“ Saffron robes his body grace,
Flowerly wreathes his limbs entwine;
There’s a smile upon his face,
And his ears with jewels shine.
 In that youthful company,
 Amorous felon! revels he,
 False to all, most false to thee.

“ See! one bolder than the rest
 Woos him nearer and more near,
 Strains him to her heaving breast,
 Sings sweet music in his ear.
 In that youthful company,
 Amorous felon! revels he,
 False to all, most false to thee.

“ One would fain a secret speak,
 Moves aside his wavy hair,
 Breathes upon his glowing cheek,
 Prints a kiss of rapture there.
 In that youthful company,
 Loving felon! revels he,
 False to all, most false to thee.

“ Joying, toying, fondly pressing,
 Blessing, blest,— carest, caressing;
 Now he’s wooing, now embraces,
 Now he’s suing, now he chases.

In that youthful company,
 Amorous felon! revels he,
 False to all, most false to thee."

* * * * *
 Yet Rádhá's image, lingering in his breast,
 Forbade his wandering fancy more to rove :
 He sought his faithful love, by woe opprest,
 And mourned his darling in the shady grove.

KRISHNA (*sings*).

"She is fled, she is gone! oh, how angry was she
 When she saw the gay Shepherd girls dancing with me!
 Oh, how could I speak to her, how could I dare
 Intreat her to stay and to pardon me *there*?

O Hari,* vile Hari, lament thee and mourn!
 Thy lady has left thee, has left thee in scorn.

"How bright in her anger she seems to me now,
 With her scorn-flashing glance and her passion-arched brow;
 And her proud trembling eye in my fancy I see,
 Like the lotus that throbs 'neath the wing of the bee.

O Hari, vile Hari, lament thee and mourn!
 Thy fair one has left thee, has left thee in scorn.

"Forgive me, sweet mistress! oh, pity my pain!
 And never, believe me, I quit thee again.
 Beam sweet on thy lover the light of thy face,
 And fold me again in thy twining embrace.

O Hari, vile Hari, lament thee and mourn!
 Thy Rádhá has left thee, has left thee in scorn."

* * * * *

* A name of Krishna.

[*He sings.*]

“ Oh, grant my prayer and speak, love !
 I pine thy voice to hear.
 Even in wrath thy cheek, love,
 Will shine away my fear :
 For the flash of thy teeth is so white, love,
 As bright as the moon’s clear ray ;
 As that dispels the night, love,
 ’Twill drive my dread away.
 “ No longer, dearest, spurn me,
 Nor let this passion burn me :
 But let thy thirsting lover sip
 The honeyed nectar of thy lip.”

* * * * *

DAMSEL (*sings*).

“ Oh, his words were soft, lady ! Oh, his voice was sweet !
 Many a promise made he, sighing at thy feet.
 With every sweetest flower that glows in beauty there,
 He has decked his pleasant bower for thee, O lady fair !
 Hasten, oh, no longer stay !
 Hasten to thy love away.

“ In love their voices raising, sweet birds around thee sing.
 And kokilas are praising the flower-darting king ; *
 The spell of Hari’s suing no maiden can disown :
 Oh, let not his fond wooing be spurned by thee alone !
 Lady, here no longer stay :
 Hasten to thy love away

* Kama, the god of love, whose arrows are tipped with flowers.

“All call thee to his dwelling: the reeds are bending low,
With pointed fingers * telling the way that thou shouldst go.
Go, thou that lovest dearly,—go forth with all thy charms:
Thy zone-bells, tinkling clearly, are calling thee to arms.
Lady, here no longer stay,
Haste thee to thy love away.”

Hindu,—Griffith.

* “And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little *hands* in glee.”—*Longfellow.*

THE DIVINE INTOXICATION.

At no time in sobriety
We find him to be sunk :
Wine of the uncreated day
Has made our Hafiz drunk.

— *Bicknell's "Hafiz"*

683.

HE that is once inebriated with that wine remains
drunk until the resurrection-day.

Persian,— Alger.

684.

THE WINE-SELLER.

The Loved One bears the cup, and sells annihilation :
Who buys his fire ecstatic, quaffs illumination.

The giant sun is dizzy going and returning
So swiftly, up and down, for one poor droplet burning.

Even Wisdom's self in drunkenness profound is sunken :
Both earth and heaven are drunk, and all the angels drunken.

The wine-house is the world, and all things in it beakers :
The friend each goblet holds, and we are eager seekers.

Within the cup, upon the threshold, heaven lieth :
The nest is there, towards which the soul forever flieth.

The angels in carousals high, their tankards clinking,
Pour out from heaven on earth their lees of drinking.

They drank pure wine themselves, and joyously they shouted,
When, from the dregs that fell on earth, fair Eden sprouted.

In sin and sorrow here long time have I been roaming :
A sea of tears I've shed is wide around me foaming,

And every tear's a drop of blood. A poor wayfarer,
I longingly await the lovely goblet-bearer.

He comes, a flood of molten music round him gushing ;
He comes : all veils are raised, the universe lies blushing.

I snatch the cup, and, lipless, quaff the godhead's liquor,
As into unity of bliss the self-lights flicker.

Persian (Mahmud Ferjumendi), Alger.

685.

THE CUP-BEARER.

Come, Sáki, for that trancing wine I sue,—
The source of bounty and perfection, too.
To me present it, for the heart-reft breast
Lacks both those virtues which it once possessed.
Sáki, bring wine by which Jam's * bowl surveys
The distant vacuum with its piercing gaze.

* Jemschid, an ancient monarch of Persia, much renowned in its early history. He is said to have had a cup, a magic goblet, in which, when filled with wine, all the events of creation, past, present, and future, were revealed.

“It is that goblet round whose wondrous rim
The enrapturing secrets of creation swim.”

Let me, as Jam, by its resplendent sheen
The enigma solve of all the worlds unseen.

Come, Sáki, bring that Salsabil-like bowl
Which hence to Paradise transports the soul.
For sweetly spake the cithern and the reed,
"One draught of wine Kai's crown may well exceed."
The honor of my name let me resign,
And wreck my senses in thy cups of wine;
Consume my sorrows by that flood whose taste
Would urge the lion to lay forests waste.
Heaven let me master as a lion bold,
And *rend the net of Time, that wolf so old.*

Give me that life-supporting wine. Impart
That life-like balsam of the wounded heart,
That far above the world my tent may rise,
A proud pavilion high above the skies.
Come, Sáki, with thy wines pressed long ago
In turn regale me, let me riot know.
With that pure vintage drunken let me be,
And, drunken, sing to thee a song of glee.

I hear at daybreak from the lucid zones,
At instant intervals, sweet húri tones :
"Melodious bird, whose dulcet notes engage,
Extend thy plumes and wings, and burst thy cage;
To yon blue palace of six cupols * fly,
And soar where souls rest peacefully on high."

* The seventh or highest heaven, that which overarches the six lower spheres.

Sáki, that ruby tinted dew we seek
 That pales the amethyst and ruby's cheek.
 Oh, let that water of the fountain run,
 Not flowing water, but a moving sun.
 Above the nine steps of the five-fold sphere
 One cup of wine my quadrate house * shall rear ;
 Above those pillarless zones to soar,
 I must be shackled by myself no more.

O Sáki, give me that imperial bowl
 Which opens the heart, exhilarates the soul.
 By "bowl," I image the eternal wine ;
 By "wine," I signify a trance divine. †

Persian (Hafiz), Bicknell.

686.

LUTE AND BEAKER.

This lute to many a feast has added zest,
 This goblet waited on full many a guest.
 Believer, come ! the wine-house lures. Come, hark,
 And drink ! With cup and lute be wholly blest.
 There wine and music put to shame the lore
 Of Koran, Puran, Ved, and Zendavest.

* Quadrate house, summer house, resting on four poles. Heaven is represented as being composed of nine steps or circles.

† "Think not that, when I praise wine, I mean the juice of the grape. I mean that wine which raiseth me above self. My morning draught from the wine-shop is the wine of self-oblivion."—*Nisami.*

Through these two charmers dear, unnumbered bards
Have drowned their pain, when grief their lives possessed.

For ages' frost they give a robe of flame;
For sorrow's fire, a raiment of asbest.

He in whose mind this witch-lute's music melts,
The core from every mystery shall wrest.

He through whose veins this god-cup's nectar pours
Shall riddles read no other man hath guessed.

Who drains the wealth of both shall see, at once,
Dark Ahriman a solved and faded jest.

These lute-cup strains and streams of tone and taste
Make of the poorest inn a heaven confessed.

The pious saint who drinks their breath and blood
Shall sit, bliss-drunk, upon creation's crest.

He shall through dazzling skies of pleasure soar,
With god-head filled, and in delirium dressed.

He shall through reeling seas of wonder sink,
Still grasping fast the aim of every quest.

In joyous peace content, with safety crowned,
He shall despise each threat, each poisonous pest.

And, when life ends, to heaven he shall spring,
And prove his bliss by death's supremest test.

The lute then twang! the goblet clink and kiss!
'Tis dying, drunken Hafiz farewell best.

Persian (Hafiz), Alger.

687.

THE SUCCESSFUL SEARCH.

I was, ere a name had been named upon earth,
Ere one trace yet existed of aught that has birth;
When the locks of the Loved One * streamed forth for a sign,
And being was none save the Presence Divine.
Ere the veil of the flesh for Messiah was wrought,
To the godhead I bowed in prostration of thought.
I measured intently, I pondered with heed
(But, ah, fruitless my labor!) the cross and its creed.
To the pagod I rushed and the magian's shrine,
But my eye caught no glimpse of a glory divine.
The reins of research to the Caaba I bent,
Whither, hopefully thronging, the old and young went.
Candahár and Herát searched I wistfully through,
Nor above nor beneath came the Loved One to view.
I toiled to the summit, wild, pathless, and lone,
Of the globe-girding Kâf, but the phenix had flown.
The seventh earth I traversed, the seventh heaven explored,
But in neither discerned I the court of the Lord.
I questioned the pen and the tablet of fate,
But they whispered not where He pavilions his state.
My vision I strained, but my God-scanning eye*
No trace that to godhead belongs could descry.
But when I my glance turned within my own breast,
Lo, the vainly sought Loved One, the godhead confessed!
In the whirl of its transport my spirit was tossed,
Till each atom of separate being I lost;

* See note on p. 143.

And the bright sun of Tauriz, a madder than me,
Or a wilder, hath never yet seen, nor shall see.

Persian (Dschelaleddin Rumi), Alger.

688.

Go, spread thou for some other bird thy net ;
The phenix has on high his eyry set.
Companion, minstrel, Sáki,—all is he ;
As the way's phantom clay and water see.
Bring wine, the ferry-boat to waft us o'er
This stream which laves an undiscovered shore.

From Alast's cup,*
The Unity divine,
Fills him who, Hafiz-like,
Drinks limpid wine.

Persian (Hafiz), Bicknell.

689.

On the day of creation, the clay of Hafiz was kneaded
with wine. Therefore has his mouth, to this hour, been
all athirst for wine.

Ye Spirits of wine, on the judgment-day intercede
before the throne, and say, "The clay of our Hafiz was
kneaded with wine."

Persian,—Rückert.

*Alast represents the day of creation, in which the Divinity is
said to covenant and pledge himself to be the supply and portion
of the soul forever.

DOMESTIC LOVE AND DEVOTION.

690.

MESSAGE OF THE BANISHED YAKSHA.*

A Yaksha, divinity of an inferior order, attendant upon the god Kuvera, for some offence banished for a twelve-month from the skies to earth, longs from his solitude in the sacred forest to send a message to his sorrowing wife. "In the wildness of his grief, he fancies that he discovers a friendly messenger in a cloud,—one of those noble masses which seem almost instinct with life, as they traverse a tropical sky in the commencement of a monsoon, and move with slow and solemn progression from the equatorial ocean to the snows of the Himalaya."† He commits to it the message he would fain speak in her ear.

We give here a portion of the message, and concluding lines of the poem. It is by Kalidása, one of the Nine Gems, as he is called, and the brightest, best of them all, at Vikramaditya's court, in the most flourishing period of Sanscrit literature.

"O GENTLE Cloud, long be thy days of bliss !

Speak softly to her, be thy message this :

"Lady, thy dear one in great Rama's grove

Mourns the sad fate that parts him from his love ;

Asks — doth thy strength with lonely weeping fail,

Is thine eye dim, and doth thy cheek grow pale ?

Far, far away, by hostile fate's decree,

* To his wife, the Apsarasa in the skies. † Dr. H. H. Wilson.

In fondest fancy he is still with thee.
 Wasted with woe, to him thy form appears,—
 An image of his own, all worn with tears ;
 In sympathy with his thy longing soul,
 And bursting tears that neither can control ;
 Far from thy sight and from thy willing ear,
 He trusts to me alone thy breast to cheer.
 Yet, oh ! what bliss, might he but touch thy cheek,
 And in thine ear himself his message speak !
 “ I see thy graceful form in every flower
 That freshest, fairest, twines around my bower ;
 When from my path the startled roe-deer fly,
 In their soft glance I see thy gentle eye ;
 The peacock's brilliant plumes to me recall
 Thy long, dark tresses, glittering as they fall ;
 The small brook wavelets, arching in their flow,
 Seem but the shadow of thy slender brow ;
 And, when the moon illumines my weary night,
 Thy pure, pale cheek is ever in my sight :
 In each fair thing an emblem faint I see
 Of beauty centring alone in thee !

I paint thee on the rock with mineral hues,
 But my dim eyes their wonted aid refuse.
 There fate relentless still extends the veil,
 And, blind with tears, my longing glances fail.

The wood-sylphs, weeping for my ceaseless woe,
 Pour their sad tear-drops on the boughs below,
 As oft outspread my eager arms they see
 Clasping the soft air in a dream of thee,

The breeze that from the Snowy Mountain springs,
 Bursting the pine-buds with its balmy wings,
 Loaded with fragrance from their oozing gums,
 A welcome herald from my darling comes :
 Gladly I hail it as it wanders south,
 For it perchance hath kissed thy rosy mouth,
 Hath gently fanned thy burning brow to rest,
 And stolen more heavenly odor from thy breast.

Yet let us not, my love, in grief extreme
 Forever thus on ceaseless misery dream.
 Forbear too oft upon thy woes to think,
 Or, in the strife, thy gentle soul will sink.
 Nor grief nor happiness is all unmixed,
 But ever changing, nought in life is fixed ;
 And, as a circling wheel, uncertain still,—
 Now high, now low,— Man must his fate fulfil.

But when, at length, four weary months have fled,
 And Vishnu rises from his serpent bed,*
 Then ends my banishment ; and, once more free,
 Thy lover hastens to his home and thee.
 Then autumn moons, with clearer, purer light,
 Shall shed sweet influence on the blissful night,
 And joy—full joy—through our rapt souls shall thrill,
 Joy, for long absence dearer, lovelier still.

* * * * *
 “ But, dark-eyed beauty, be thou ever sure

*The serpent couch is the great snake, Ananta, upon which Vishnu reclines during four months,—the four months of the periodical rains in Hindūstan.

That firm through absence will my faith endure ;
 Nor be distrustful of my truth to thee,
 Though evil tongues should whisper ill of me.””

And wilt thou, Cloud, my loving message bear ?
 Silent art thou, yet not in vain my prayer :
 For, when the thirsty chátakas * of thee
 Crave the cool rain refreshingly,
 Thou dost not answer, but the sudden shower
 Gives to their drooping wings returning power.
 'Tis ever thus : the best reply is still
 The wishes of our loved ones to fulfil.

Thus, friendly herald, having soothed my fair,
 Speed back in mercy through the fields of air,
 And bid the mourner's fainting heart rejoice
 With the dear echoes of his lady's voice.

Then shall my thanks thy pitying love repay,
 And grateful blessings smooth thy homeward way.
 Hie to the regions where thou fain wouldst be :
 There rest in pleasure, or there wander free.
 May the soft rain ne'er fail thee, and thy bride,
 The brilliant lightning, never quit thy side.”

The God of Wealth the loving message heard,
 And in his heart returning pity stirred.
 His ear in mercy to the tale he bent,
 And called the mourner from his banishment ;
 Then freely bade him, all his sorrows o'er,
 Live with his bride and love forevermore.

Hindu (Megha Duta).

* The chátaka is a bird, supposed to drink nothing but rain-water.

691.

SITA'S PLEA.

Rama, a prince, and heir to the throne of Ayodha, doomed by his father for an imagined offence to banishment, endeavors to persuade Sita, his wife, to remain at her old home and with his kindred, rather than share the privations and perils to which he would be exposed in the wilderness. She insists upon accompanying him, notwithstanding all his remonstrances and entreaties.

“O best of heroes, I dismiss
With bitter scorn a speech like this :
Unworthy of a monarch's fame,
It taunts a monarch's son with shame,
Ne'er to be heard from those who know
The science of the sword and bow.

“The wife alone, whate'er await,
Must share on earth her husband's fate :
So, now, the king's command, which sends
Thee to the wilds, to me extends.

“If, Raghu's son, thy steps are led
Where Dandak's pathless wilds are spread,
My feet before thine own shall pass
Through tangled thorn and matted grass.

“Whate'er his lot, 'tis far more sweet
To follow still a husband's feet,
Than in rich palaces to lie,
Or roam at pleasure through the sky.

“My mother and my sire have taught
What duty bids, and trained each thought;

Nor have I now mine ear to turn
 The duties of a wife to learn.
 I'll seek with thee the woodland dell
 And pathless wild where no men dwell ;
 Where tribes of sylvan creatures roam,
 And many a tiger makes his home.
 My life shall pass as pleasant there,
 As in my father's palace fair.
 The worlds shall wake no care in me :
 My only care be truth to thee.

" Heir of high bliss, my choice is made,
 Nor can I from thy will be stayed.
 Doubt not : the earth will yield me roots ;
 These will I eat, and woodland fruits.
 And, as with thee I wander there,
 I will not bring thee grief or care.
 I long when thou, wise lord, art nigh,
 All fearless, with delighted eye
 To gaze upon the rocky hill,
 The lake, the fountain, and the rill ;
 To sport with thee, my limbs to cool,
 In some pure, lily-covered pool,
 Where the white swans, with mallard's wings,
 Are plashing in the water-springs.
 So would a thousand seasons flee
 Like one sweet day, if spent with thee.
 Without my lord, I would not prize
 A home with gods above the skies :

Without my lord my life to bless,
Where could be heaven or happiness?"

Rama still remonstrated, warned her of the terrors of the wood,
and the inevitable exposure.

Thus Rama spake. Her lord's address
The lady heard with deep distress,
And, as the tear bedimmed her eye,
In soft, low accents made reply:
"The perils of the wood, and all
The woes thou countest to appall,
Led by my love I deem not pain:
Each woe a charm, each loss a gain.

"With thee, O Rama, I must go:
My sire's command ordains it so.
Bereft of thee, my lonely heart
Must break, and life and I must part.
While thou, O mighty lord, art nigh,
Not even He who rules the sky,
Though He is strongest of the strong,
With all his might can do me wrong.

"Still close, my lord, to thy dear side,
My spirit will be purified:
Love, from all sin, my soul will free;
My husband is a god to me.
So, love, with thee shall I have bliss,
And share the life that follows this.

"Thou *must* not here thy wife forsake,
And to the wood thy journey make,

Whether stern penance, grief, and care,
 Or rule, or heaven, await thee there.
 Nor shall fatigue my limbs distress,
 When wandering in the wilderness :
 Each path which near to thee I tread
 Shall seem a soft, luxurious bed.
 The reeds, the bushes where I pass,
 The thorny trees, the tangled grass,
 Shall feel, if only thou be near,
 Soft to my touch as skins of deer.
 When the rude wind in fury blows,
 And scattered dust upon me throws,
 That dust, beloved lord, to me
 Shall as the precious sandal be.
 And what shall be more blest than I,
 When, gazing on the wood, I lie
 In some green glade upon a bed,
 With scattered grass beneath us spread?
 The root, the leaf, the fruit which thou
 Shalt give me from the earth or bough,
 Scanty or plentiful, to eat,
 Shall taste to me as amrit sweet.
 With thee is heaven, where'er the spot :
 Each place is hell, where thou art not.

* * * * *

"How, after, can my soul sustain
 The bitter life of endless pain,
 When thy dear face, my lord, I miss?
 No, death is better far than this."

And Sita's face, with long, dark eyes,
 Pure as the moon of autumn skies,
 Faded with weeping, as the buds
 Of lotuses, when sink the floods.
 Around his wife his arms he strained,
 Who senseless from her woe remained,
 And with sweet words that bade her wake
 To life again, the hero spake :
 " I would not with thy woe, my queen,
 Buy heaven and all its blissful sheen.
 Void of all fear am I as He,
 The self-existent God, can be.
 I knew not all thy heart till now,
 Dear lady of the lovely brow,
 So wished not thee in woods to dwell ;
 Yet there mine arm can guard thee well.
 Now surely thou, dear love, wast made
 To dwell with me in greenwood shade ;
 And, as a high saint's tender mind
 Clings to its love for all mankind,
 So I to thee will ever cling,
 Sweet daughter of Videha's king."
 * * * * *
 She, conscious that her lord approved
 Her going, with great rapture moved,
 Hastened within, without delay
 Prepared to give their wealth away.*

Hindu (Ramayana), Griffith.

* "It is in depicting scenes of domestic affection, and expressing those universal feelings and emotions which belong to human

692.

SAVITRI, THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

So passing fair the young Savitri grew,
 That all adored her, but none thought to woo.
 No lovelier nymph e'er left her native skies,
 To dazzle mortals with her heavenly eyes.
 And how might e'en the proudest chieftain dare
 To woo a princess so divinely fair?

His child, unsought in pride of maiden bloom,
 Cast o'er her father's soul a shade of gloom.
 "My child," he cried, "I heard an ancient sage
 Read forth this text from Scripture's holy page:
 'Shame on the son whose widowed mother prays
 For aid from others in her lonely days.
 Shame on the sire whose daughter mourns her fate,
 Her hand unoffered, doomed to weep and wait.'
 Now choose a bridegroom from some princely line,
 Whose youth and beauty may be matched with thine.
 Go forth, my child, and let thy worthy choice
 Remove this shame and make my soul rejoice."

Her head she bowed, her eyes she downward cast;
 Then, as he bade her, from his presence passed.
 O'er many a plain her gold-bright car she drove,
 Through field and forest, through the sacred grove;

nature in all time and in all places, that Sanskrit epic poetry is unrivalled.

"Sita rises in character far above Helen, and even above Penelope, both in her sublime devotion and loyalty to her husband, and her indomitable patience and endurance under suffering and temptation." — *Williams's "Indian Epic Poetry," pp. 46 and 58.*

Greeting the sages whom she chanced to meet,
 And pouring treasures at their holy feet.
 Back to her father's halls the lady came,
 Where the wise Nárada, saint of mighty fame,
 Sitting in converse with her sire she found,
 And bowed her head in worship to the ground.
 "Say, dearest daughter," thus the monarch cried,
 "What chief has won thee for his promised bride :
 His name, his country, and his race declare ;
 And pray the saint to bless the princely pair."

In sweet, soft accents thus the royal maid,
 As t'were a god's, her sire's command obeyed :
 "O'er his glad people, ere the evil day,
 The lord of Salwa reigned with equal sway.
 Just, good, and honored for his virtues, Fame
 Still loves to cherish Dyumatsena's name.
 Hard was his fate, with sightless eyes to mourn
 His ravished kingdom, friendless and forlorn.
 Forth from his royal home, unkinged, he fled
 Where his sad wife his trembling footsteps led ;
 Then, in a grove, amid a distant wild,
 He lived for penance, with his wife and child.
 There grew to manhood Satyavan, their son :
 He is my bridegroom, he my chosen one."

"Ah!" cried the saint, "the maiden little knows
 What grief that choice will bring, what bitter woes.
 What though all graces and all gifts combined
 Adorn his person and exalt his mind ;
 Learned and patient, truthful, firm and wise,
 And brave as Indra's self who rules the skies ;

Pious and dutiful, of lofty soul,
With every passion kept in due control;
Gentle and modest, beautiful and strong,
The friend of virtue and the foe of wrong;
But, ah! no virtue and no charm has power
To save the hero from the fated hour.
This day returning, when a year has fled,
Shall see that hero numbered with the dead."
"Go forth, dear daughter," cried the king, "again:
This blot is fatal, and thy choice is vain."
"No," cried the princess; "once the die must fall,
And the maid's love is given once for all.
Whether his days be many or be few,
My heart has chosen, and my love is true."

Her heart was fixed, her purpose changeless still:
And the king yielded to his daughter's will.
She married him she loved, nor mourned her lot,
To leave a palace for a hermit's cot.
Proud in her choice, no rising tear could dim
Her bright eyes, happy when she looked on him.
Her gentle limbs in hermit's garb were drest;
No jewels sparkled on the lady's breast.
So meek, so lovely, with her tender care
She gained the heart of every dweller there.

Nearer and nearer came that awful day
When ruthless fate must snatch her lord away.
It came. Unconscious of his doom, he stood
And smiled upon her, ere he sought the wood.
She stayed his parting steps and cried, "**Mine own,**

I cannot leave thee. Go not forth alone.
 And you, dear parents, let me go, I pray:
 I cannot bear to leave my lord to-day.
 Ne'er from this garden have my footsteps strayed:
 I long to see the forest and the shade."
 Her smiling lip a breaking heart belied;
 She left the cottage at her husband's side.

"Oh, see the peacocks," thus he cried, "unfold,
 In glittering glory, all their green and gold!
 See that pure rivulet that wanders through
 Beds of sweet flowers of every brilliant hue."
 But still on him her anxious eye was bent,
 While love and fear in twain her bosom rent.

He gathered fruit in many a tangled dell,
 And mighty boughs beneath his hatchet fell.
 His brow grew heated as he toiled amain,
 And through his temples shot a sudden pain.
 "Dearest," he cried, "such torture racks my head,
 My limbs are weary, and my heart seems dead."

She sate, and laid his head upon her breast,
 And, full of anguish, lulled her lord to rest.
 Soon, as she raised her eyes, with shuddering awe,
 A fearful shape before her stand she saw.
 Bright as the sun his fearful visage glowed,
 And red like blood his wild apparel showed.
 Crowned like a king, he looked no earthly lord;
 He held no sceptre, but a noose of cord.
 He stood terrific by her husband's side,
 And with a look of fire the sleeper eyed.

Upon the ground she laid her husband's head,
 Sprang up with suppliant hands, and trembling said,—
 "In guise like thine, no mortal shapes appear:
 What god art thou, and wherefore art thou here?"
 "Won by thy virtues, good and faithful dame,
 I speak," he answered, "and declare my name.
 Yama am I, the God of Death, whose sway
 All creatures own that see the light of day.
 His hour is come; and I am here to bear
 Far hence the spirit that I may not spare.
 I could not leave so bright and pure a soul
 To my fierce angels and their wild control."
 Thus Yama spake, and, bending to the ground,
 Fast in the noose the sleeper's spirit bound.
 Then lay the body motionless and dead,
 All the grace vanished and the beauty fled.
 Then Yama southward turned his steps; and still
 Savitri followed, with unchanging will.
 "Turn back, sweet lady, turn thy steps," he cried;
 "Full well this day thy faith and love has tried.
 Go, and at home his funeral rites prepare;
 No further duty claims thy tender care."
 "The path he chooses, or by force is led,
 Still will his wife," she said, "unflinching tread.
 Still let me follow, if my fear of sin
 And love of virtue may thy favor win.
 Seven steps together give a sacred claim—
 Thus say the wise—to friendship's honored name."
 "Charmed by thy words," he cried, "a boon I give,

And what thou wilt, except that he may live."
"My husband's sire," she said, "still mourns the day
That left him eyeless, to his foes a prey.
Grant that his realm may hail its rightful lord,
His glory doubled and his sight restored."
"I grant thy prayer," he cried; "return, fair saint,
Lest thy limbs fail thee, and thy spirit faint."
"Can I be weary when my lord is near?
Lead on," she cried, "and still with favor hear:
The best religion is to injure nought
That lives on earth in deed or word or thought.
This is religion; and the good will show
Mercy and kindness to their bitter foe."
"Well hast thou said," cried Yama; "ask again,
And, save his life, thou shalt not ask in vain."
"Grant that a hundred sons of noble fame
May spread the glories of my father's name."
'Twas thus she spoke. Nor Yama's voice delayed
To grant the boon the gentle lady prayed.
Once more he bade her go, nor longer stay,
So far the distance and so rough the way.
"I know not distance, if my lord be by;
No way is rough," she said, "if he be nigh.
Onward, still onward, speeds my eager mind;
Still let my words a gracious hearing find.
Thou, king of justice, offspring of the Sun,
Lookest with equal eye on every one.
Those who are wise will ever place their trust,
Not in themselves, but in the good and just,

Gladly to these their trusting love they give,
 Whose loving kindness blesses all that live."
 "Wise are thy words: ne'er yet spake woman so;
 Ask once again," he said, "and homeward go."
 "Grant me," she cried, "to my dear lord to bear
 Sons strong and virtuous and brave and fair."
 "Yea, goodly sons," cried he, "thy halls shall throng;
 Now go, sweet lady, for the way is long."
 "No, Yama, no; the good, at duty's call,
 Press firmly onward, and persist through all.
 Though the heart languish, and the foot be weak,
 Through toil and danger still their way they seek.
 But, oh! what comfort, in the hour of fear,
 If some good brother come, their road to cheer!
 The good, prevailing by their truth and worth,
 Guide the bright day-god, and uphold the earth.*
 The worlds for safety on the good rely;
 And the good faint not when the good are nigh."
 "So sweet thy words are, I no more refuse
 To grant," he said, "the boon that thou shalt choose."
 "Now shall my soul be glad, my heart rejoice:
 No limit now," she cried, "confines my choice.

* "Think ye the spires, that glow so bright
 In front of yonder setting sun,
 Stand by their own unshaken might?
 No: where the upholding grace is won
 We dare not ask, nor heaven would tell;
 But sure from many a hidden dell,
 From many a rural nook unthought of there,
 Rises for that proud world the saints' prevailing prayer."

All joys I spurn, when severed from my love,
All raptures here below, all bliss above.
Now, Yama, now the boon I long for give,
And let my Satyavan, my dearest, live.”
Then answered Yama : “ O thou faithful wife,
For thy dear sake I grant thy husband’s life.
Blest, very blest, with thee he long shall reign,
And, just and pious, fame and glory gain.
Thy children shall be kings, and thou shalt be
Rich in the blessings that I promised thee.”
The god departed ; and the lady sped
Back to the spot where lay her husband dead.
Over his side she bent, his hand she pressed,
And laid his head upon her beating breast.
Then life, returning, warmed once more his frame,
And sense and knowledge to their mansion came.
On her he gazed with fond and wondering eyes,
Like one who long has roamed ’neath distant skies,
And cried, “ How long have I been sleeping here ?
Where is that shape that filled my soul with fear ?
At early morn, I left our home with thee ;
This fruit I gathered, and I felled this tree ;
Then, faint with toil, I sank upon thy breast ;
This I remember, tell me all the rest.
Say, did I see, or sleeping fancy draw,
That swarthy form that fills me yet with awe ? ”
“ Rise up,” she answered, “ from the chilly ground ;
The shades of night are closing fast around :
See, the damp dews upon thy raiment fall ;
At morn, my dearest, I will tell thee all.

Hark! the night-roaming beasts already prowl;
 How my heart flutters at their angry howl!"
 "Yes, dark and fearful is the wood," he cried;
 "And how can I thy feeble footsteps guide?"
 "A tree," she said, "stood burning, as we came:
 The wind has fanned it, and I see the flame.
 I'll fetch a brand, a fire to kindle here:
 The wood is ready; grieve not, husband dear.
 Still art thou weak, then rest we here to-night,
 And homeward go with morning's earliest light."
 "The pain has left me, and my limbs are strong:
 Come, let us haste," he said; "we stay too long.
 Ne'er have I staid from home so long away;
 My mother mourns me since the close of day.
 Think with what anguish she must weep and wait,
 Who oft has fondly chid me: 'Why so late?
 Thou art our staff; on thee our hopes depend;
 By thee we live; with thee our lives must end.'
 Come, dear Savitri, let us now depart,
 And, hastening homeward, cheer each grieving heart."
 Up sprang Savitri, bound her loosened hair,
 And helped her lord to rise, with loving care.
 When, as in hers her husband's hand she took,
 She saw him sadly on the burthen look,
 The loaded basket on her head she placed,
 And tied the hatchet to her dainty waist.
 By her supported, on her neck he leant,
 And towards their home her guiding steps she bent.
 In that sad home, what anxious watch was kept!
 How, with his sight restored, the hermit wept!

The aged parents, in their wild unrest,
Sought through the forest, weary and distress.
When the leaves rustled, as the breezes sighed,
“Hark! 'tis Savitri and our boy,” they cried.
Their naked feet, by brambles wounded, bled,
As through the tangled brake they onward sped.
There pitying hermits found the mourning pair,
And led them home, and sought to soothe their care.
There for a while their spirits were consoled
With stirring tales of warrior-kings of old;
Till, minded thus of all their boy had done,
And all the glory that his youth had won,
They raised their bitter cry, “Alas! my son, my son!”
Oh, rapturous moment, when the parents shed
Cool tears of joy o'er those they mourned as dead.
Scarce did they mark the heralds at the gate,
Who came to call them back to royal state.
“The tyrant-king,” the herald cried, “is slain:
The nation calls thee to thy throne again.
Thy praise is loud in every joyous street:
Come, honored monarch, to thy father's seat.”
Gladly the king the people's call obeyed,
And hastened homeward, as the nation prayed.
Lord of that ancient kingdom, rich and fair,
He called Prince Satyavan his rule to share.
Then in due time, as Yama's lips had sworn,
Of fair Savitri many a son was born;
And noble brothers, brave and dear to fame,
Upheld the glories of her father's name.

Hindu (Mahabharata), Griffith.

TRIAL AND SORROW.

Sorrow holds the keys of our mortal life. She ushered us into it. She opens also the passage to another life.

The seal of suffering impressed upon our destiny announces in clear characters our high calling.— *De Gerando*.

Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours
Weeping upon his bed has sate,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers.

— *Goethe (Longfellow's Translation)*.

To complain of the necessity of dying is to accuse nature of not having condemned us to perpetual infancy.— *Gregory of Nyssa*.

693.

THE relations of all living end in separation. They arise and they disappear, like bubbles upon the water.

Hindu (Mahabharata).

694.

Connection in any case points to separation, as birth to coming and inevitable death.

695.

The very first night on which the man of valor took up his abode in the womb, thenceforward without faltering in his march, he approaches death, day by day.

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

696.

Know that the continuance together of friends is but like the appearance of the *fata morgana*; that youth, as well as riches, is but like a passing cloud; that relations, sons, life itself, are transient as the lightning flash; that all phenomena in the world continue but for a moment.

Hindu,—Boehlingk.

697.

As we have no continuing home with our dear ones in this ever-revolving world, so brother, mother, father, friend, are persons only that we casually meet on our journey.

Hindu (Mahabharata).

698.

As a plank of timber may meet with another plank in the mighty receptacle of waters, and, having met, again separate,—even such is the meeting of human beings.

As a traveller halts, taking refuge in the shade, and, having reposed awhile, resumes his journey,—such is the meeting of animated beings.

699.

How many soever connections dear to the soul a human being forms, so many thorns are implanted in his heart.

There exists no cure for a heart wounded with the sword of separation.

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

700.

To him whose spirit is bowed down by the weight of
piercing sorrow, the day and night are both of one
color.

Persian (Dschami).

701.

There is no other recourse or refuge from God than
in him.

Persian (Sufi), Brown.

702.

If this world were our abiding place, we might com-
plain that it makes our bed so hard. But it is only our
night-quarters on a journey; and who can expect home
comforts?

Persian (Dschaleddin Rumi).

703.

The body 's of dust, the spirit from heaven,
Gross matter 's the one, the other 's a breath.
Why shrink'st thou with fear from presence of death,
When dust goes to dust, and spirit to spirit doth fly?

Persian (Saad of Homa).

704.

Not all the year, the vines their clusters keep:
Now fruitful are, now leafy tears do weep.
Sunlike, the pure are shadowed by a cloud;
As sparks on water are the envious crowd:

Those, by degrees, their former radiance shed ;
 These are extinguished in a wat'ry bed.
 Fear not the dark, my friend, howe'er profound :
 Perchance therein life's water may be found.
 Let not despair, though dark, thy soul dismay,
 For night is pregnant with the glorious day.

Persian (Saadi).

705.

In Suna's town, my child's life passed away ;
 How can I tell the sadness of that day !
 As fair as Joséph, God creates a slave ;
 Then, Jonah-like, he's swallow'd by the grave.
 In this fair world, scarce grown, the cypress form
 Uprooted is, by death's relentless storm.
 It is not strange the rose on earth should grow,
 So many rose-like bodies sleep below.
 Madly I longed to see his form once more,
 So off the tomb the weighty stone I tore.
 Fear seized me in that place, so dark and strange :
 It made me shake, and all my color change.
 Then came a voice (my child's) from out the bier :
 "Dost thou feel terror at this darksome sight ?
 Live, then, with care, and let thy works be bright.
 If thou dost wish thy grave as light as day,
 Illume life's lamp with virtue's shining ray."
 Saadi, he eats the fruit who plants the tree ;
 Who sows the seed will fruitful harvests see.

Persian (Saadi), Strong.

706.

Kisagotami saw her first child's face :
 She saw him grow in knowledge and in grace ;
 But it was only for a little space.

Kisagotami saw him lying dead :
 Against her heart she pressed his curly head,
 And forth into the neighbors' houses sped.

"Something to heal my darling's hurt," she cried.
 "Girl, thou art mad," was all that each replied ;
 But one: "Thy cure with Buddha doth abide."

Still holding the dead child against her heart,
 She found the prophet, and made known her smart :
 "Buddha, canst thou cure him with thy wondrous art?"

"A grain of mustard seed," the sage replied,
 "Found where none, old or young, has ever died,
 Will cure the pain you carry in your side."*

Kisagotami wandered forth again,
 And, in the homes of many hundred men,
 She sought the seed where death had never been.

'Twas all in vain. Then in a lonely wood
 Her child with leaves she buried as she could,
 And once again in Buddha's presence stood.

* "I will restore thy daughter again to life," said an Eastern sage to a prince who grieved immoderately for the loss of a beloved child, "provided thou art able to engrave on her tomb the names of three persons who have never mourned."

“Daughter,” he said, “hast found the magic seed?”
 And she: “I find that every heart doth bleed,
 That every house of death has taken heed.”

The Buddha said: “This knowledge is thy cure.
 Thy sorrow, soon or late, for all is sure:
 Therefore, my child, be patient and endure.”

Burmese (Buddhagosa).

Rev. John W. Chadwick's rendering in verse.

707.

The reed bewailed departed bliss and present woe:
 “Plucked untimely from my native banks, my heart is
 torn, that through me may sound the notes that charm
 the grave and gay. Who that hears my strains knows
 the secret of my bleeding heart?” Not fruitless was
 the pain of the reed that made it melodious. And
 thou, brave heart, arise. Be free of every chain,
 though blazing with gold. Be nobly bold. Follow the
 true bride of thy life, though her name be Sorrow.
 Let the shell perish, that the pearl may appear.* Men
 may not know the secret of thy sad life, but through a
 bruised heart must be breathed the strain of love and
 hope which shall enrapture human souls.

Persian (Maulavi Rumi), Conway.

* Somewhat differently we have this as given by Sir W. Jones:—

“New plans for wealth your fancies would invent;
 Yet shells, to nourish pearls, must lie content.
 The man whose robe love's purple arrows rend
 Bids avarice rest, and toils tumultuous end.”

— *Works, Vol. IV. 231.*

708.

He whose soul is not pierced with a diamond is still
unworthy a royal crown.

Persian (Amir Khusrau).

709.

A dewdrop, falling on the wild sea wave,
Exclaimed in fear, "I perish in this grave!"
But, in a shell received, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew,
And happy now the grace did magnify
Which thrust it forth, as it had feared, to die;
Until again, "I perish quite," it said,
Torn by a rude diver from its ocean's bed.
Oh, unbelieving! so it came to gleam
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

The seed must die before the corn appears
Out of the ground, in blade and fruitful ears.
Low have those ears before the sickle lain
Ere thou canst treasure up the golden grain.
The grain is crushed before the bread is made,
And the bread broke, ere life to man conveyed.
Oh! be content to die, to be laid low,
And to be crushed, and to be broken so,
If thou upon God's table may'st be bread,
Life-giving food for souls an hungeréd.

Persian,—Trench.

710.

The friend who made my house a dwelling where Peris well
might be, *

From head to foot was as a Peri from every blemish free.
How sweet to me that vanished season when with my friend
I joyed!

The remnant of my time was wasted, was of wisdom void.
Self-slain, when it has pined in envy, the amorous bulbul
dies,

Because the rose at hour of morn has charmed the East
which flies.

O heart! a beggar only being, this leniently pass o'er; †
For, in the ample realm of beauty, the first of crowns she
wore.

*Persian (Hafiz). Supposed to
have been written on occasion of the death of his wife.*

711.

What untold millions of thine ancestors, parents,
grandparents, etc., in this wide world, have already
passed away! Therefore, unite thyself more and more
closely in spirit to these presences, the dear ones that,
like the lightning, shine but for an instant, and be glad
in this joy.

Hindu (Prabodha-chandrodaya).

* Literally, "who made my dwelling the abode of a Peri."

† Forgive her for separating herself from me by death.

ASPIRATION AND IMMORTALITY.

A ray from the divine word shone in the human soul, and it turned towards the light of God, as a plant turns towards the sun.
— *Clemens Alexandrinus, ascribed to Justin Martyr.*

Thou hast made us, O Lord, for thyself; and our souls are restless till they return to thee.— *Augustine.*

Look through that which lives beyond this death:
The veil of things shall seem to thee as veil,
And unveiled thou shalt look upon the Life Divine.
— *Fichte.*

712.

BUT the spectacle or sight (of the image of God) hath this peculiar and proper,—them that can see and behold it, it holds fast and draws unto it, as they say the lode-stone doth iron.

Egyptian? (Hermes Trismegistus).

713.

As the stranger, far distant in foreign climes, draws towards home, so the soul, from midst of this world of multiplicity, pants and soars upward to the Unity.

Persian (Dschelaleddin Rumi).

714.

As birds repair, O beloved, to a tree to dwell there, so all this universe to the Supreme.

Hindu (Prasna Upanishad), Johnson.

715.

Know'st thou the cause why the sun must pursue without
 ceasing his way?
 Till the secret be found must he search o'er the regions of
 space.
 See'st thou, perchance, the wild flame of the fire go mount-
 ing the skies?
 To the heavens it vaults, that it haply may reach to the
 bosom of God.
 See'st thou the storm, swept in wind, pushing on unfooted,
 unwinged?
 O'er the breadth of the earth to the One in the skies it
 ceaselessly draws.
 See'st thou the water with swiftness of lightning shoot on?
 To the joy of a kiss from the lips of its love it hasteth to go.
 Know'st why the sea so uproars and high tosses its floods?
 'Tis because that the heart in its bosom so burns with the
 flame of desire:
 All the world in its soul glows with fire of its love.
 Away, then, the shell: to the depths of pure being descend!

Persian (Ferideddin Attar).

716.

In wide eternity's vast space,
 Where no beginning was, wert Thou:
 The rays of all-pervading grace
 Beneath thy veil flamed on thy brow.
 Then love and nature sprang to birth,
 And life and beauty filled the earth.

Awake, my soul! pour forth thy praise,
 To that great Being anthems raise,—
 That wondrous architect who said,
 “Be formed,” and this great orb was made.

Since first I heard the blissful sound,—
 “To man my spirit’s breath is given,”
 I knew with thankfulness profound,
 His sons we are, our home is heaven.
 Oh, give me tidings that shall tell
 When I may hope with thee to dwell,
 That I may quit this world of pain,
 Nor seek to be its guest again.

A bird of holiness am I,
 That from the vain world’s net would fly;
 Shed, bounteous Lord, one cheering shower,
 From thy pure cloud of guiding power,
 Before, even yet, the hour is come,
 When my dust rises towards its home.

Oh, happy hour! when I shall rise
 From earth’s delusions to the skies,
 Shall find my soul at rest, and greet
 The traces of my loved one’s feet:
 Dancing with joy, whirled on with speed,
 Like motes, that gorgeous sunbeams feed,
 Until I reach yon fountain bright,
 Whence yonder sun derives his light.

Persian (Hafiz).

717.

Blessed be the moment when I shall lift the veil from off that face! The veil of the face of my beloved is the dust of my body,

Hindu (Baba-lal), Wilson.

718.

What is the soul? The seminal principle from the loins of destiny.

The world is the womb, the body its enveloping membrane: The bitterness of dissolution Dame Fortune's pangs of child-birth.

What is death? To be born again an angel of eternity.

Persian (Buzurgi), Dabistan.

719.

That knowledge for which thou hast asked is not to be obtained by argument. The wise, by means of the union of the intellect with the soul, thinking him whom it is hard to behold, leaves both grief and joy. Thee, O Nachiketas! I believe a house whose door is open to Brahma. Brahma, the supreme,—whoever knows him obtains whatever he wishes. The soul is not born; it does not die; it was not produced from any one, nor was any produced from it. Unborn and eternal, it is not slain, though the body is slain. Subtler than what is subtle, greater than what is great,—sitting, it goes far; sleeping, it goes everywhere. Thinking the soul as unbodily among bodies, firm among fleeting things, the wise man casts off all grief. . . . It (the soul) reveals its own truths.

Hindu (Kathaka Upanishad).

Words of Yama, Lord of the Under-world, to Nachiketas, in response to an inquiry upon the future for the soul.

720.

As the serpent casts its slough, so this body is left by the soul. Its immortal life is Brahma, even Light.

Hindu (Brihad Upanishad).

721.

That this bird of air, the soul, continues in its unclosed cage, the body with its nine doors, is matter for wonder; that it should rise up and fly away is so natural that we have no need to speak upon it.

Hindu (Dampati'siksha).

722.

Arjuna [permitted to ascend, though living, to the heaven of the just] follows the path unknown to mortals, where no golden sun nor silver moon divides the time; but the mighty hosts of men shine with the splendor of their own virtue, in a light which we that are afar off think to be the tremulous fires of stars.

Hindu (Mahabharata).

723.

Thou dearest, vouchsafed to my heart by the kind gift of love, yet wrested and torn from my hand and my sight, with this outflow of tears I send greetings and kisses to thee.

In disdain of that distance that comes like a foe to dissever, divide, and indignant to see the fierce envies of fate, my greetings I send, and kisses to thee.

One breath but of love, it extinguisheth time, it abolishes space. I am with thee, thou art with me. I hold thee firm in my arms' fast embrace. These greetings I send, and kisses to thee.

Persian, — Rückert.

724.

To the world of unfading light, where sunshine itself hath
its home,
Thither bring me, O Soma, where no harm and no death
ever come!

Where life is free in the third heaven of heavens,
where the worlds are radiant, there make me im-
mortal!

Where there is happiness and delight, where joy and
pleasure reside, where the desires of our desire are at-
tained, there make me immortal!

Hindu (Rig Veda).

THE PERFECT DELIVERANCE AND REST:
NIRVANA.

To whom Time is as Eternity,
And Eternity as Time,—
He is freed from all strife.*—*Jacob Boehme.*

725.

My religion consists in thinking the inconceivable
thought, in going the impassable way, in speaking the
ineffable word, in doing the impossible thing.

Chinese (Lao Tszé).

726.

Who finds activity in repose and repose in action,—
he is the wise man.

Hindu (Bhagavat Gita).

*“Three rikats, ‘attitudes of devotion,’ implying separation, union, and union of unions: namely, separation in viewing the creatures without God; union, in viewing God without the creatures; and *union of unions*, in viewing God in the creatures and the creatures in God, so that the view of the one may not to the heart be a veil to the view of the other.”—*Dabistan, in Exposition of the Doctrine of the Sufis*, 3, 259. 260.

727.

The wise say that the road to Him is as difficult to tread as a razor's edge.

Hindu (Katha Upanishad).

728.

"The Infinite (bhûman, the superlative, the akme) is bliss. There is no bliss in anything finite. Infinity only is bliss. This Infinity, however, we must desire to understand."

"Sir, I desire to understand it."

"Where one sees nothing else, hears nothing else, understands nothing else, that is the Infinite. Where one sees something else, hears something else, understands something else, that is the finite. The Infinite is immortal, the finite is mortal."

"Sir, in what does the Infinite rest?"

"In its own greatness, or, not even in greatness."*

Hindu (Chandogya Upanishad), Müller.

729.

Crossing this bridge (the Supreme Soul), the blind cease to be blind, the wounded to be wounded, the afflicted to be afflicted; and, on crossing this bridge, nights become days, for ever refulgent is the region of the Universal Spirit.

Hindu (Upanishad), Williams.

*"The commentator takes *yadi va* in the sense of,— If you ask in the highest sense, then I say No, for the Infinite cannot rest in anything, not even in greatness."— *Müller, note in loco.*

730.

Nirvâna,—the sum of delights.

Hindu (Buddha).

731.

A pilgrim through eternity,
 In countless births have I been born,
 And toiled the Architect to see,
 Who builds my soul's live house in scorn.

Oh, painful is the road of birth
 By which, from house to house made o'er,
 Each house displays the kind and worth
 Of the desires I loved before.

Dread Architect! I now have seen thy face,
 And seized thy precept's law.
 Of all the houses which have been,
 Not one again my soul can draw.

Thy rafters crushed, thy ridge-pole, too,
 Thy work, O Builder, now is o'er!
 My spirit feels Nirvâna true,
 And I shall transmigrate no more.

Hindu (Buddha), Alger.

732.

The divinely wise rest, never more to wander, in
 Brahma. When the wise have attained *atman* (self,
 soul), then are they satisfied in knowledge, their being
 is complete, their desires are passed away. They are
 at repose, attaining to the all-prevading Nature; they

go themselves into the Supreme All, sinking their soul therein. As rivers flowing to ocean disappear in it, lose their name and form, so merges the wise, emancipated from name and form, into the supreme, eternal Spirit. Who knows the supreme Brahman is himself Brahman he lays aside all sorrow and sin; freed from the bonds of corporeity, he is immortal. Who knows the One is delivered from birth into other worlds and from death.

Hindu (Upanishad), Koepfen.

733.

Drinking of the water of a life of seclusion, and of the water of subjugating the passions, drinking also of the pleasant beverage called the perception of truth, one becomes freed from excitement (unrest) and sin.

Hindu (Buddha,—Sutta Nipata).

ayant franché l'océan de fascination et ayant tué les géants
 Having crossed the sea of Fascination, and having killed the giants Inclination, Aversion, the wise shall, married to Peace, enjoy repose of soul. *Inclination et Aversion à la paix, le sage jouit pleinement du repos de son âme.*

735.

All that is by nature twain
 Fears or suffers by the pain
 Of separation: love is only
 Perfect when itself transcends
 Itself, and, one with that it loves,
 In undivided being blends.

Persian (Dschams).

736.

Rabia, sick upon her bed,
 By two saints was visited,
 Holy Malik, Hassan wise,—
 Men of mark in Moslem eyes.
 Hassan says, "Whose prayer is pure
 Will God's chastisements endure."
 Malik, from a deeper sense,
 Uttered his experience:
 "He who hears his Master's voice
 Will in chastisement rejoice."

Rabia saw some selfish will
 In their maxims lingering still,
 And replied, "O men of grace!
 He who sees his Master's face,
 Will not in his prayer recall
 That he is chastised at all."

*Persian (Dschelaleddin Rumi),
 Dr. J. F. Clarke.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

737.

THE PATH OF THE INFINITE.

How sublime is the way
That thy love passes o'er:
For the deeps of the sky
Are mirage, and but shadow to it.

Persian (Hafta).

738.

THE SECRET FEW CAN READ.

An invitation has been issued in metre, and no one has understood the stanza. Fortunate is the scholar who comprehends the word.

Hindu (Kabir).

739.

THE FOREORDINATION OF FATE.

Two days in vain mayst thou heed thee of death,—
The appointed and the unappointed day.
On the first, there's no healer thy life can save;
On the second, no sword thy life can slay.

Persian (Pindar of Kuhistan).

740.

BEST AS IT IS.

Well done, by heaven, in this, Most High,
 That never both the worlds he has revealed :
 For, were they both disclosed to mortal eye,
 No room for hope to lift there then would lie.

Persian (Asairi).

741.

READ THE POSSIBILITIES.

Honor each thing for what it once may be :
 In bud the rose, in egg the chicken see ;
 Bright butterfly behold in ugly worm,
 And trust that man enfolds an angel form.

Eastern Moralities,—Trench.

742.

MAXIMA IN MINIMIS.

In the eye of a gnat an elephant lies,
 From a kernel of corn broad harvests arise ;
 The Euphrates is seen in the dew-drop alone,
 And one heart doth the heart of Omnipotence throne.

Persian (Mahmud).

743.

THE EAGLE.

I no degenerate progeny will raise,
 But try my callow offspring, which will look
 In the sun's eye with peremptory gaze,
 Nor other nurslings in my nest will brook.

Poems from Eastern Sources,—Trench.

744.

CASTING PEARLS BEFORE SWINE.

He only threshes chaff, who schools
 With patient kindness thoughtless fools.
 He writes on shifting sand, who fain
 By favors worthless men would gain.

Hindu (Hitopadesa).

745.

THE TRUE UNION.

Here in this world, love's only fruit is won,
 Where two hearts are blended into one.
 But when by disagreement love is blighted,
 'Twere better that two corpses were united.

Hindu (Bhartrihari).

746.

REMINDERS.

Not seldom in our happy hours of ease,
 When thought is still, the sight of some fair form,
 Or mournful fall of music breathing low,
 Will stir strange fancies, thrilling all the soul
 With a mysterious sadness, and a sense
 Of vague, yet earnest, longing. Can it be
 That the dim memory of events long past,
 Or friendship found in other states of being,
 Flits like a passing shadow o'er the spirit?

Hindu (Sakontala), Williams.

747.

THE REAL BRAHMAN.

He whose sole presence fills a place,
 Whose absence makes a void in halls
 Where thousands throng the ample space,—
 A god that man a Brahman calls.

Hindu (Mahabharata), Muir.

748.

GUTTA CAVAT LAPIDEM.

As water-drops which slowly fall,
 A pitcher fill by ceaseless flow,
 So learning, virtue, riches,— all
 By constant small accessions grow.

Hindu (Vridhha Chanakya), Muir.

749.

THE DIAMOND.

I only polished am in mine own dust:
 Naught else against my hardness will prevail.
 And thou, O man, in thine own sufferings must
 Be polished: every meaner art will fail.

750.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Leaning my bosom on a pointed thorn,
 I bleed, and bleeding sing my sweetest strain:
 For sweetest songs of saddest hearts are born,
 And who may here dissever love and pain?

Eastern Moralities,— Trench.

751.

A PROPHET IS WITHOUT HONOR IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

A man in whom his kindred see
 One like themselves, of common mould,
 May yet by thoughtful strangers be
 Among the great and wise enrolled.

In Vishnu, clowns a herdsman saw,
 Gods viewed the Lord of All with awe.

Hindu (Drishtanta Sataka), Muir.

752.

THE LOWLY SPIRIT.

Wouldst thou taste to the full the sweetness of life?
 Then keep thyself low at humility's feet. The sweet-
 est of the cane is the part that grows nearest the
 earth.

Persian (Feisi).

753.

TO AN INFANT.

On parent knees, a naked, new-born child,
 Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled.
 So live that, sinking in thy long, last sleep,
 Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep.

Persian,—Sir W. Jones.

754.

THE TWO GEMS.

The onyx and the wine-cup ruddy in hue,—
 They each are gems of lustre pure and true;
 The difference, sole dividing, few can see:
 The one stays hard, the other runs to molten ruby free.

Persian (Rudegi).

755.

WITH WHAT MEASURE YE METE, ETC.

Be gracious to us and our board,
 Thou wine-host, our King and our Lord!
 As thy blessing thou givest to us here below,
 So in turn shalt thou find the rich blessing above.

Dispense us the wine in just measure and true,
 That, on the great day when to each
 Shall be measured the mete that he gave,
 There come not our thirst to accuse thee to heaven.

756.

THE SECRET DIVULGED.

While my sorrow abode silent in the heart, right willingly would I bear the keen grief. To no one revealed I my love : how, then, has it become public ?

To all the leaves on the trees is my heart's secret known, and what I have thought in my dreams is told on the tongues of all the birds.

Persian,—Rückert.

757.

THE LOVE OF THE HEART.

The frost lies white on the house-roof without, yet warm is the room my home within.

The winter has touched my locks with the rime of age, yet warm and red flows the blood through all my heart within.

The bloom of youth from the cheeks has flown, the roses ruddy all one by one are gone. And whither now ? Down in the heart they dwell, there flower and glow to the uttermost, as ever before, so now and on.

Have all the streams of joy dried up that the world can give? Yet there runs in my bosom a quiet flow. Are all the nightingales of the meadow silent still? Yet within, in the deeps of my soul, is one ever awake.

It sings, Thou master dear of the home, close up thy door that the world, all cold and dull, press not to the rooms within. Shut out the rude breath of the outer and seen, and yield thy glad welcome alone to the fragrance of dream.

I have wine and roses, too, in every lay; and such lays I have in thousand-fold. From eve to morn and all the nights through, will I sing thee of youth and the sweet pangs of love.

758.

NIGHTINGALE AND ROSE.

This day the nightingale's song was heard, and thus it ran: Rose-flower, thou radiance and symbol of the world's wide love, innumerable mirrors bright and smiling stand ready ministers to thy good pleasure.

For, behold, all the dew-drops of heaven fall on the meadow to beam forth their image of thee! To do this same office, the streams leap and sparkle from the thousand hills. Morning red and evening gloam waver and dance upon the arched vault of heaven to give reflection and eye-glance of thee. All eyes on earth, in the skies, yearn to catch and send forth thy image. Every sigh from nightingale's throat, mirror to thy beauty, is burdened, is throbbing with vision of thee.

Tell us, O Rose, among these mirrors, which of all it liketh thee best.

Persian,—Rückert.

759.

QUESTION.

When in the mild spring-time the loves of the rose and the nightingale spring forth to bloom,—is it the song of the bird that flows out in reflecting the beauty it sees, or do these bright petals glow in response to the lay they have heard?

My thought, deeply as it has pondered, and fain as it would answer this question, has spent all its strength thus far in vain.

760.

THE UNATTAINED IDEAL.

Evermore beckons the shining goal from far; evermore desire aims thither and speeds the arrow; yet ever by a bowshot falls the archer short.

Persian,— Rückert.

761.

THE TALISMANS.

That glass, wondrous glass, which gave Alexander his power o'er the foe; and that ring by whose charms the spirits were held in subjection to Solomon's will; yea, and that cup in whose lines King Dschemshid saw revealed at one glance all the climes of the skies,—these three talismans that so long from the world have withdrawn,—long of them had I dreamed, but no hint or perception could gain. In the wine-shop, just now, these bright gems have I found.

In the *mirror* so bright, my kind friend had me read all the schemes of the foe of mankind, and he whispered the way that defeats and will bring them to nought. That *ring* he attached to my hand, and in-

structed me how I might turn it aright to call up the shades that await its command. That *cup* he poured full to the brim, and I saw there revealed the secrets and state of the worlds. I quaffed to the bottom its wine, and my heart was made whole of all sorrow and pain.

His hand he now placed upon me, and with blessing exclaimed: O Hafiz, thou dear, be thou king of all worlds in this wisdom that's given to thee. Ye viceroys of earth, approach, and behold all the glories and splendors of kings—of Iskander, Dschemshid, Solomon*—all centred and blended in me.

Persian (Hafiz), Rückert.

762.

BODY AND SOUL.

A painter in China once painted a hall;
Such a web never hung from an emperor's wall:
One-half from his brush with rich colors did run,
The other he touched with a beam of the sun:
So that all which delighted the eye in one side,
The same, point for point, in the other replied.

In thee, friend, that Tyrian chamber is found:
Thine the star-pointing roof and the base on the ground.
Is one-half depicted with colors less bright?
Beware that the counterpart blazes with light.

Persian (Enwari), Emerson.

* Solomon's signet-ring, whereon was engraven the name of God, gave to its possessor power whereby he commanded the spirits; Iskander's (Alexander's) mirror revealed the future, and made all things that were wished, visible. The qualities of Dschemshid's cup are described in notes on pp. 157, 210.

763.

THAT DIVINER SUN.

Feisi has mystic sense in nearly all that he writes, and traces of this are clearly discernible in the following extract taken from the *Sun-motes*, written in a thousand and one verses,— a favorite number in the East. Indeed, it is plain throughout that the SUN he celebrates is the Infinite Light, more than the sun.

It is Spring, and the world is awake and bounding with hope. In the fields holds the rose the cup of Dschemshid.*

It is Spring, and the meadows are resounding with the mellow notes of song; and this season of Lent gives renewal through all the gardens.

In the eye of the nightingale that just lately has come, the rose is the Sun, and thorns are its rays.

Up, now! The meadows are powdered and glowing with roses. Their open faces the clouds are bestrewing with pearls.

In these clouds plays a gleam of the sheen of the skies. A glance, single glance, shows the SUN of itself.

Can I know what a SUN this Sun of mine is? To the heart of the yearning, 'tis the Kibla of hopes. Inly joined to its light, my soul itself is transformed into light.

All praise unto God, this the Light that's eterne.

Persian (Feisi).

*The mystic beaker, marked with seven circling lines, which divided the cup into seven compartments, corresponding to the seven worlds. In this, filled with wine, Dschemshid divined all secrets. Cf. note on p. 157.

764.

THE UNANSWERED MYSTERY OF LIFE.

The following is by Omar Kheyam, the astronomer poet, as he has been termed, of Persia. His period was in the eleventh century. He belongs manifestly to the freest school of thinkers; is indeed a representative name of this type of thought among the Persians. The verse shows that his was a mind of true poetic genius; and, while his view appears here almost purely nihilistic, it is plain that he deserves recognition among writers of the first class.

The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes, or it prospers; and anon,
Like snow upon the desert's dusky face,
Lighting a little hour or two, was gone.

Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regrets and future fears.
To-morrow! Why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years.

There was the door to which I found no key;
There was the veil through which I could not see;
Some little talk awhile of me and thee
There was, and then no more of thee and me.

Would but some wingéd angel, ere too late,
Arrest the yet unfolded roll of Fate,
And make the stern recorder otherwise
Enregister, or quite obliterate.

Yet, ah, that spring should vanish with the rose,
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The nightingale, that in the branches sang,
Ah, whence and whither flown again? — who knows?

Oh, threats of hell and hopes of paradise!
One thing is certain,— this life flies.
One thing is certain, and the rest is lies ;—
The flower that once has blown forever dies.

Strange — is it not?— that, of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the road
Which, to discover, we must travel too.

I sent my soul through the invisible,
Some letter of that after life to spell ;
And by and by my soul returned to me,
And answered, I myself am Heaven and Hell.

Heaven but the vision of fulfilled desire,
And Hell the shadow of a soul on fire,
Cast on the darkness, into which ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

Waste not your hour, nor, in the vain pursuit
Of this and that, endeavor and dispute :
Better be jocund, with the fruitful grape,
Than sadden after none, or better fruit.

Yon rising moon that looks for us again,
How oft hereafter shall she wax and wane !
How oft hereafter, rising, look for us
Through this same garden, and for *one* in vain?

And when like her, O Sáki, you shall pass
 Among the guests star-scattered on the grass,
 And in your blissful errand reach the spot
 Where I made one, turn down an empty glass.

Persian (Rubaiyat), Fitzgerald.

765.

INCARNATION AND EVANESCENCE.

The following poem is from a prince of mystics, Ferideddin Attar, thirteenth century. It has its obscurities: perhaps there are points in it quite unsusceptible for us of intelligent interpretation. But we have here told—have we not?—the fact of the divine incarnation, infinite dwelling in finite, all life hallowed in this presence, the son coming into the house a new messiah of truth and love, and withal the quick transience, the vision ended, the incarnation gone, sublimated ere we have seen and known it well; and this, alas! not seldom all too swiftly through thoughtless pursuit by ourselves after trifles, through indiscretions and obliquities on our part. There is hint also, we think, of the wisdom of childhood, fact that these things of the spirit are oftentimes hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes.

This poem will be intelligible to all who have pierced through the seen and dwelt in the inner and enduring, who have beheld with rapt emotion, with stricken awe in this spectacle of time, the gleam and majesty of the eternal.

We borrow here again the rendering of Mr. Alger from Tholuck's *Blüthensammlung*. The poem is entitled *God's Boy-Lover*.

There was a sailor once in many harbors hailed,
 Who full a thousand times had o'er the ocean sailed.
 He had a boy majestic as the sun at noon,
 And lovely as at evening is the cloud-poised moon.
 His cheek was rosy red, and heavenly blue his eye;
 So straight his shape, the cypress could not with him vie.

The father was a pious man in every way,
The blameless youth pure as a breath of breaking day.
At last the father must another voyage make,
And will from fervent love his darling with him take.
As to the strand they come, the crew are weeping there;
For each himself from brothers, parents, friends, must tear.
They go bidding their loves adieu from door to door,
And in the resurrection day they'll meet once more.
The father and his son, too, step aboard apace,
And from the deafening crowd and clamor reach their place.
The sail is spread: the ship the even billows rides,
As through the unimpeding air an arrow glides.
The youth says: "Father, why didst thou exchange our life
Of beauteous peace, to face the wrathful ocean's strife?
No house is on the waves, no palace on the sea.
Come back, and on the flood again I will not be."
Then says the father: "All the world, my child, behold,
Driven right and left and near and far by lust and gold.
'Tis sweet to sail the sea, for, when the danger's o'er,
Great wealth and honor is the fruit the danger bore."
To him the boy: "Father, no prize this brings, methinks;
For fame or pleasure, thus won, soon to nothing sinks.
Father, alas! thy vain discourse has given me pain;
Oh, let me leave the sea, and go on shore again!"
Replies the father: "Dearest boy, give me thy trust;
Compared with thee, my gold and silver are but dust.
My child, where'er I look, there is of thee some trace:
The earth, moon, sun, and sky are mirrors of thy face.
'Tis but from love for thee that I the ocean plough:

Should'st thou go hence, O son, my life would fail me now!"
"Dear father, thou know'st not the mystery aright.
Let me reveal to thee the Absolute's own light.
Know, father, in the heart I dwell of the Alone.
Simorg am I, the mountain infinite my throne.
A Revelation saw I from the flood upshoot,
Saw rise from th' sea an image of the Absolute."
"Dear soul," then said the father, "cease from such discourse:
Before an old man boastest thou thy wisdom's source?
O infant! with the shell of Law be thou content;
Truth absolute is not as sport to children sent."
"Father," replies the youth, "my eye towards home is turned;
I see the way for which my heart has ever yearned.
The sea's a symbol how one must destroy self's root:
Upon the inmost self-hood now exults my foot.
Love waves a flaming torch and goes as guide before.
Reason, begone! who follows love needs thee no more.
I see but One, and quickly fling the rest behind:
His love's bright eye alone I seek to find."
In rage, the father cries: "Silence this instant keep,
Pert babbler, ere I throw thee in the yawning deep.
My precious gem, in need of reason thou dost stand;
The Absolute is not for thee, but Law's firm land."
"Thou understand'st me not," the love-drunk stripling cries:
"Know in each soul the hidden Loved One slumbering lies.
Know that I to myself seem as the sea of life:
I see my spirit with thee and all beings rife.
Why shall I not the truth announce? not I am heard:
I fade away, and God himself speaks through my word.

Would'st cast me in the sea? Ah, father, quickly do!
 There, lost to self, the wave will give me life that's true.
 Father, I am the Loved One: Godhead through me gleams;*
 Incessant Revelation in my bosom streams;
 And Revelation says, 'Thy soul's a prisoner chained
 In the *ship of Time and Space*: whoever sinks has gained.'
 Says Revelation, 'Swiftly leap beneath God's waves:
 'Tis thus thy riddle, deathless Soul, solution craves.'
 I am God, father, and my being sinks in him,
 Even as a drop within the sea's stupendous rim."
 He shouts, and springs amidst the waves from where he stands:
 The crew, with bitter grief, lament and wring their hands.
 As in the sun a pure snow-flake dissolves to tears,
 The beauteous youth beneath the flood so disappears.
 The father gazes where that plunge a gurgling makes:
 A piercing groan from out his anguished bosom breaks.
 Then, realizing all, sudden he looks around,
 Steps to the frail edge,— is gone with silent bound.
 Like points within a circle, stand the crew all dumb:
 Spell-bound each stands, like a pearl in the mussel numb.

Persian (Ferideddin Attar, Essences of Substance), Alger.

766.

The following extract is from another poem of Attar's, *The Bird Conversations*. It tells, in the language of figure, the story of the journey of the soul toward the home of possession, the unveiled truth and the infinite reality, sole quenchless portion of the spirit forever. All the birds set out on the journey; the way is rough, toilsome, and beset with many perils, and few, the fewest, have the courage and strength to persist and go through. They had wan-

* Literally, Godhead fills me through and through.

dered long, as the tale tells, and no appearance yet of the goal to hand. A portion of the poem, the last, has been rendered by Mr. Emerson, and we give that, by permission, in his version.

Then spake one of the clear-seeing birds,
 "The way extends from moon to moon":
 "We have," came answer, "seven seas
 Of light and fire yet to conquer;
 And when at length we've gone through these,
 We next are taken in by a huge fish,
 That swallows up at single draught
 Both fore-time and the future."
 * * * * *
 Of so many thousands,
 Fewest came to the sought-for goal.
 The whole world of birds undertook the journey,
 But in the end there came to goal but three:
 These, without pinions, wingless,
 In spirit broken, and at heart most sick.
 They saw the Supreme Majesty
 Exalted above reason.
 Behold, they say, the sun in sight
 Of majesty like this is but a mote,—
 How, then, shall we attain to it?
 Alas, alas, our journey's all in vain!
 We have ascended to the heights of being,
 Have soared up to the whole,
 But have not found that which we sought.
 Half dead, they sunk engulfed in naught,
 And there they long time lay.
 Then came a heaven's messenger

All of a sudden before them.
 He spoke : " Good folk, and whence are ye,
 And wherefore have ye hither come ?
 What hap has fallen you in the world,
 And what is your condition ?"
 They said : " Hither have we come
 To have great Simorg * for our king ;
 Lost pilgrims here we are
 Of his court and way.
 Already long time have we travelled it,
 And from thousands are we now but three.
 In the hope we've come
 To look upon him, face to face.
 If what we've suffered pleases him,
 Then may he deign to us one single look."
 The angel said, " Ye troubled souls,
 Yes, his heart in mercy pities you,
 And hastes herewith to your relief."

The birds were finally before the throne of the Simorg, and the poet proceeds : —

The bird soul was ashamed ;
 Their body was quite annihilated ;
 They had cleaned themselves from the dust,
 And were by the light ensouled.†

* Simorg, the wise fowl, king of birds, whom no eye has seen, living on the summit of Mount Kaf.

† Literally, "They had a new soul, and were of another nature."
 — See Tholuck's "*Blüthensammlung*," p. 285; Von Hammer's "*Re-dekünste*," p. 153.

What was, and was not, the past,
Was wiped out from their breast.
The sun from near by beamed
Clearest light into their soul ;
The resplendence of the Simorg beamed
As one back from all three.
They knew not, amazed, if they
Were either this or that.
They saw themselves all as Simorg,
Themselves in the eternal Simorg ;
When to the Simorg up they looked,
They beheld him among themselves ;
And when they looked on each other
They saw themselves in the Simorg.
A single look grouped the two parties,
The Simorg emerged, the Simorg vanished
This in that, and that in this,
As the world has never heard.
So remained they, sunk in wonder,
Thoughtless in deepest thinking,
And quite unconscious of themselves.
Speechless prayed they to the Highest
To open this secret,
And to unlock *Thou* and *We*.
Then came an answer without tongue : —
“ The Highest is a sun-mirror :
Who comes to him sees himself therein,—
Sees body and soul, and soul and body.

When you came to the Simorg,
 Three therein appeared to you ;
 And, had fifty of you come,
 So had you seen yourselves as many.
 Him has none of us yet seen :
 Ants see not the Pleiades ;
 Can the gnat grasp with his teeth
 The body of the elephant ?
 What you see is he not,
 What you hear is he not.
 The valleys which you traverse,
 The actions which you perform,—
 They lie under our treatment
 And among our properties.
 You as three birds are amazed,
 Impatient, heartless, confused :
 Far over you am I raised,
 Since I am, in act, Simorg.
 Ye blot out my highest being,
 That ye may find yourselves on my throne ;
 Forever ye blot out yourselves,
 As shadows in the sun. Farewell ! ” *

Persian (Ferideddin Attar).

* “ This passage is, in our judgment, the most elevated of any to be found in the mystic literature of the East. The veil of the Sufi temple is lifted, and gleam after gleam glistens upon the mortal eye, from which again the Eternal One withdraws and is concealed in the deeps of the canopy of cloud.”— *Von Hammer*, p. 153.

767.

The same thing is told in his strange, mystic speech by Dscheleddin Rumi. Seen sublimating and evanishing into unseen, unseen incarnating itself in seen, revealed in and through form, the many transfiguring into one, the one diffusing itself into many, the two worlds forever interpenetrating and vitally interrelated. In the language of the Hebrews, the ladder set upon the earth and reaching into heaven, whereon the angels of God are perpetually ascending and descending, making all the life here to be enshrouded and hallowed with a sacred mystery.

I once journeyed long, said Dakiki, seeking the souls wherein my friend had mirrored himself,—in the drop of the bucket to find the sea and its wealth, in the atoms, in the sunbeam, to know the great sun.

I came in my wanderings to the shore of ocean, where time and space disappeared from my thought. Seven lights I saw, whose flames lapped the heavens. Again the lights flowed together, the lights joined in one whose splendor cleft the bosom of the skies. Amazed, overcome, I sank to the ground; but when I awoke, instead of the flame, seven persons I see walking on shore. I could not trust my eyes, since, instead of seven men, seven trees come to view. Their peaks transcend the throne-dwelling of God, their roots pierce the inmost recesses of earth and the deeps.

But, wonder of wonders over all! to no eyes but mine was the vision revealed. Hundred thousands pass along there, but never one sees the trees and their fruits. A strange spell is upon their organs: they see the mote in the sunbeam, but never the sun.

I shout to them, Hither: come here, eat this fruit, living bread you shall find. They laugh at me, call

me foolish, giddy, and demented. But I know I don't dream. Yet never could I hold my senses sound, were it not that every instant the fruits refresh and inspire me.

Then of a sudden again the fruits and trees vanish, and seven persons appear before me. Seven blend in one, one flows out and divides into seven.

Persian (Dschelaleddin Rumi), Tholuck.

768.

LABOR AND CONQUEST.

THE CHURNING OF THE OCEAN BY THE GODS.

For council deep they all appeared,
 The dwellers of the sky,
 Where Meru, king of mountains, reared
 His pinnacles on high.
 How glorious in the nations' sight
 Flashed forth his golden rays,
 And scorned the Sun's unclouded light
 With yet more dazzling blaze!

There trees and herbs and countless flowers
 Of heavenly virtue grew,
 And through the cool and shady bowers
 Sang birds of gorgeous hue.
 They met for solemn council there,
 The wise ones and the strong:
 "Say, how may we our loss repair,
 The Amrit * mourned so long?"

* Drink of Immortality.

Then Vishnu in his wisdom cried :

“Ye mighty gods, arise !

Deep hid beneath the whelming tide

The heavenly nectar lies.

Untiringly in ceaseless whirl

Churn ye the vasty ocean,

And herbs of power and jewels hurl

Into the wild commotion.

“Vex ye the surges in your strength,

Stir them with ceaseless toil :

So shall the troubled sea at length

Yield back the precious spoil.”

He spake ; and swift at his behest

With eager might they strain,

To tear up Mandara's haughty crest

And heave him from the plain.

But all their power was defied

By the unshaken hill ;

Vain every effort they applied :

Their strength was fruitless still.

“O great Lord Vishnu, hear us now !”

Thus prayed the heavenly band ;

“O Brahma, hearer of the mighty vow,

Lay to thy mighty hand !”

Then Brahma of the Lotus eyes

And deep, unsearched mind,

And Vishnu, terrible and wise,

To their request inclined.

They bade Ananta, Serpent King,
Rise from his ocean home,
That hill of glory down to fling
Far in the flashing foam.

Now woe to Mandara's mountain !
His days of pride are o'er ;
In woods, by gurgling fountain,
The sweet birds sing no more.
"Come, let us churn the ocean !"
Thus cried the gods around :
"For, by the ceaseless motion,
The Amrit will be found."

Then did the King of Waters crave
The wondrous task to share,
For he was strong beneath the wave
High Mandara's weight to bear.
Then took the gods that hill of pride
Their churning-stick to be,
And for a churning-strap they tied
The great snake Vasuki.

Uniting with the Serpent King,
Labored the gods amain ;
Asurs and Surs,—all strove to bring
The Amrit back again.
By the snake's head Ananta stood,
And pulled with matchless strength ;
The gods beyond the moving flood
Dragged back his coiled length.

Then from the mouth of Vasuki
Rolled clouds of smoke and flame;
Like scorching storm-blasts furiously
The stifling vapors came;
And ceaselessly a rain of flowers,
From the fair mountain's brow,
Fell softly down in fragrant showers,
And veiled the hosts below.

Like roaring of a tempest cloud
The deafening thunder crashed;
The sound of ocean was as loud,
To furious raging lashed.
Unnumbered creatures of the deep
Died in the troubled sea,
And, thundering down from Mandara's steep,
Fell many a lofty tree.

From branches against branches dashed,
Rose the red flames on high,
And flickering round the mountain flashed
Like lightnings o'er the sky.
The dwellers of the ancient woods
Felt the remorseless power,
Rushed vainly to the steaming floods,
Scorched by the fiery shower.

Lions and elephants in herds,
By blinding terror driven;
With scathed wings, the beautiful birds

No more might soar to heaven.
But Indra, on the toil and pain,
Looked pitying from on high,
And bade a cloud of gentle rain
Come softly down the sky.

Then from each wounded herb and tree
The precious balsam poured,
And milk-white rolled the foaming sea,
With wondrous juices stored.
"O Brahma, weak and worn are we :
Hear us!" they cried again ;
"For ceaselessly and fruitlessly
We lash the furious main.

"Our souls are fainting, and our strength
Fails in the ceaseless strife :
Oh, tell us, shall we gain at length
The drink of endless life ?"
"Great Vishnu, help the toiling band !"
The mighty Brahma said ;
And straightway at the high command
He promised matchless aid :

"To all I give resistless might
Who stir the foaming sea ;
Still in the glorious work unite,
Till ours the guerdon be."
And with one heart and with one will,
They lashed the raging ocean ;

And furious, fast, and wilder still
Arose the fierce commotion.

Then, lo ! the moon all cold and bright
Rose from the troubled sea,
And following in her robes of light
Appeared the beauteous Sri.*
The heavenly horse and Sura † rose,
And Kaustubha, the gem
Whose ever-beaming lustre glows
In Vishnu's diadem.

Last of the train, Dhanwantari
To their last sight was given :
The Amrit in a bowl had he,
The mystic drink of heaven.
Then loud and long a joyous sound
Rang through the startled sky :
"Hail to the Amrit, lost and found !"
A thousand voices cry.

Hindu (Mahabharata), Griffith.

769.

THE RESPONSE TO THE SEEKING.

Moses asked of God where He was, and God said,
"Know that, when thou hast sought, thou hast already
found me."

Arabic.

* Goddess of Beauty.

† Wine, personified.

770.

"Allah!" was all night long the cry of one oppressed with
 care,
 Till softened was his heart, and sweet became his lips with
 prayer.
 Then near the subtle tempter stole, and spake: "Fond bab-
 bler, cease!
 For not an 'Here am I' has God e'er sent to give thee
 peace."
 With sorrow sank the suppliant's soul, and all his senses
 fled;
 But, lo! at midnight the good angel Chiser came and said:
 "What ails thee now, my child, and why art thou afraid to
 pray?
 And why thy former love dost thou repent? declare and
 say."
 "Ah!" cries he, "never once spake God to me, 'Here am
 I, son.'
 Cast off, methinks I am, and warned far from his gracious
 throne."
 To whom the angel answered: "Hear the word from God
 I bear:
 'Go tell,' he said, 'yon mourner, sunk in sorrow and
 despair,
 Each "Lord, appear!" thy lips pronounce, contains my
 "Here am I!"
 A special messenger I send beneath thine every sigh,

And, sleeping in thy "Come, O Lord!" there lies "Here, son!" from me.'"*

Persian (Dschelaleddin Rumi), Alger.

771.

THE HIGHER METHOD.†

Ulysses, sailing by the Sirens' isle,
 Sealed first his comrades' ears, then bade them fast
 Bind him with many a fetter to the mast,
 Lest those sweet voices should their souls beguile,
 And to their ruin flatter them, the while
 Their homely bark was sailing swiftly past;
 And thus the peril they behind them cast,
 Though chased by those weird voices many a mile.
 But yet a nobler cunning Orpheus used:
 No fetter he put on, nor stopped his ear,
 But ever as he passed sang high and clear
 The *blisses of the gods*, their holy joys,
 And with *diviner melody* confused
 And marred earth's sweetest music to a noise.

Poems from Eastern Sources,—Trench.

* "Tell him that his very longing is itself an answering cry;
 That his prayer, 'Come, gracious Allah!' is my answer, 'Here
 am I!'

Every aspiration is God's angel undefiled;
 And in every 'O my Father!' slumbers deep a 'Here, my child!'"
 —*The same in Dr. J. F. Clarke's rendering.*

† "Orpheus, laudes Deorum cantans et reboans, Sirenum voces
 confudit et summovit; meditationes enim rerum divinarum voluptates
 sensûs non tantum potestate, sed etiam suavitate superant." —
Lord Bacon's "Sapientia Veterum."

772.

UNSATISFIED.

Say you love me o'er and o'er,
Still my heart will long for more ;
Pluck we blossoms sweet and fair,
Sweeter still the spring will bear.
Rove from starry space to space,
Orbits new your eye shall trace.
Thus with infinite desire
Deathless beauty doth inspire
Human souls : one goal attained,
Higher summits must be gained.

Persian,— Rückert.

Translated by Mrs. E. M. Mitchell.

CHRONOLOGICAL.

Arabian.

Mahomet,	7th Century A.C.
Rabia,	8th " "

Chinese.

Confucius,	5th Century B.C.
Chu-hi,	13th " A.C.
Lao Tsze,	6th " B.C.
Mencius,	4th " "
Tsze-tsze,	4th " "
Wu-tsing-tsze,	9th " A.C.

Hindu.

There are many points in regard to Hindu chronology exceedingly difficult to fix; and this holds as well with reference to several of the centuries subsequent to the beginning of our era as to those before. The dates given below are all, it is thought, proximately correct. Some of them can now be determined with a good degree of certainty.

The authors of the Hymns of the Vedas are almost wholly unknown. The oldest, it is thought, are as early as 1500 B.C., Dr. Haug thinks 2400, and Bunsen puts them still earlier. The Upanishads, the oldest of them,—they are very numerous and reach down to recent centuries,—are stated by the best authorities to have been composed from the seventh to the fifth centuries B.C. The two great Hindu Epics, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata (of the latter, the Bhagavat Gita is regarded as an episode,

though probably it was written later), are both of uncertain date, but are placed by the best Orientalists in centuries preceding the Christian era, the dates assigned varying from the seventh to the third (for the Ramayana) and the second (for the Mahabharata) centuries B.C.

The Puranas (there are eighteen of them), though they contain much ancient material, myths, records, hymns, etc., are modern, as they were composed at various times reaching along from the eighth to the thirteenth or fourteenth century A.C.

The Panchatantra and Hitopadesa, Books of Gnostic Wisdom, are, as their contents come down to us, comparatively modern,—the Panchatantra, which was the original source whence was drawn in abridgment the Hitopadesa, was translated into Persian and Arabic in the sixth century A.C.,—but in substance, if not in form, go back, almost beyond doubt, to the earliest times of Buddhism, or say the fourth century B.C. The Adi Granth is by various Gurus or teachers among the Sikhs, and was written in the main, it is supposed, about the sixteenth century. Little is known of it in the Western World; but Professor Max Müller says, "It is full of interest, full of really deep and poetic thought."

Some of the sources cited in the department of Gnostic Wisdom, drawn largely from Boehtlingk's *Indische Sprüche* (Indian Aphorisms), are unknown to me. They seem to range in large part, according to Weber, from the eighth to the twelfth century A.C., and yet the sentences are often very ancient. An ancient grammarian says that a proverb is a saying without an author. We find more and more, as we search, that there is a history before the history. "The originals," says Emerson, "are not original."

Bhartrihari,	1st Century B.C.
Bhavabhuti (Malati-Madhava, etc.),	8th " A.C.
Bilham of Kashmir (Vikrama charita),	11th " "

Buddha, Sakya muni,	5th Century	B.C.
Jayadeva (Gita Govinda),	12th	" A.C.
Kabir,	15th	" "
Kalidasa (Megha Duta, Raghuvansa, Malavika, etc.),	1st*	" B.C.
Kapila,	5th	" "
Krishna Misra (Prabodha-chandrodaya),	12th	" A.C.
Manu, †	5th	" B.C.
Nanac,	16th	" A.C.
Somadeva (Katha sarit sagara, Ocean Streams of Narration),	12th	" "
Subandhu (Vasavadatta),	7th	" "
Sudraka (Mrichhakati, the Toy Cart, a Drama),	2d	" "
Tiruvalluva (Cural),	3d	" "
Vemana,	12th	" "

Persian.

The Dabistan, or School of Persian Sects, is a treatise on twelve different religions, composed by a Mohammed traveller, Mohsan Fani, of the seventeenth century. It is very valuable for information upon the phases of religious thought in Persia.

The Desatir purports to be a collection of the Persian Prophets, fifteen in number, of whom Zerdusht or Zoroaster was the thirteenth. It is of uncertain authorship, and is assigned to a date early in the Christian era.

The Golden Period of Persian Poetry reached from about 950 to 1450 A.C.

Arda Viraf,	3d Century	A.C.
Asairi,	11th	" "
Amir Khusrau,	13th	" "
Abul Fasl,	16th	" "
Dschami,	15th	" "

*Or, as Weber thinks, second to fourth century A.C.

† Some place him as early as 1200 B.C.

Dschelaleddin Rumi,	13th Century A.C.
Enwari,	12th " "
Feisi,	16th " "
Ferideddin Attar,	13th " "
Firdusi,	11th " "
Hafiz,	14th " "
Hatifi,	15th " "
Ibn Jemin,	14th " "
Mahmud,	14th " "
Maulavi Rumi,	13th " "
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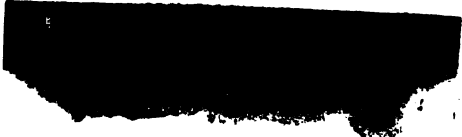
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see 530 of the
Proverbs -

several Persian proverbs, namely these:
"When walking over any path be careful
and remember that the earth on which you
stand consists of eyes, as human beings,
similar to yourself." "The best qualities
in human beings are charity and the belief
in God. Those who do not possess them
had better not exist." "The sun that
shines on you is the same sun that threw
his light on the throne of Ad-On-Semend."







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